

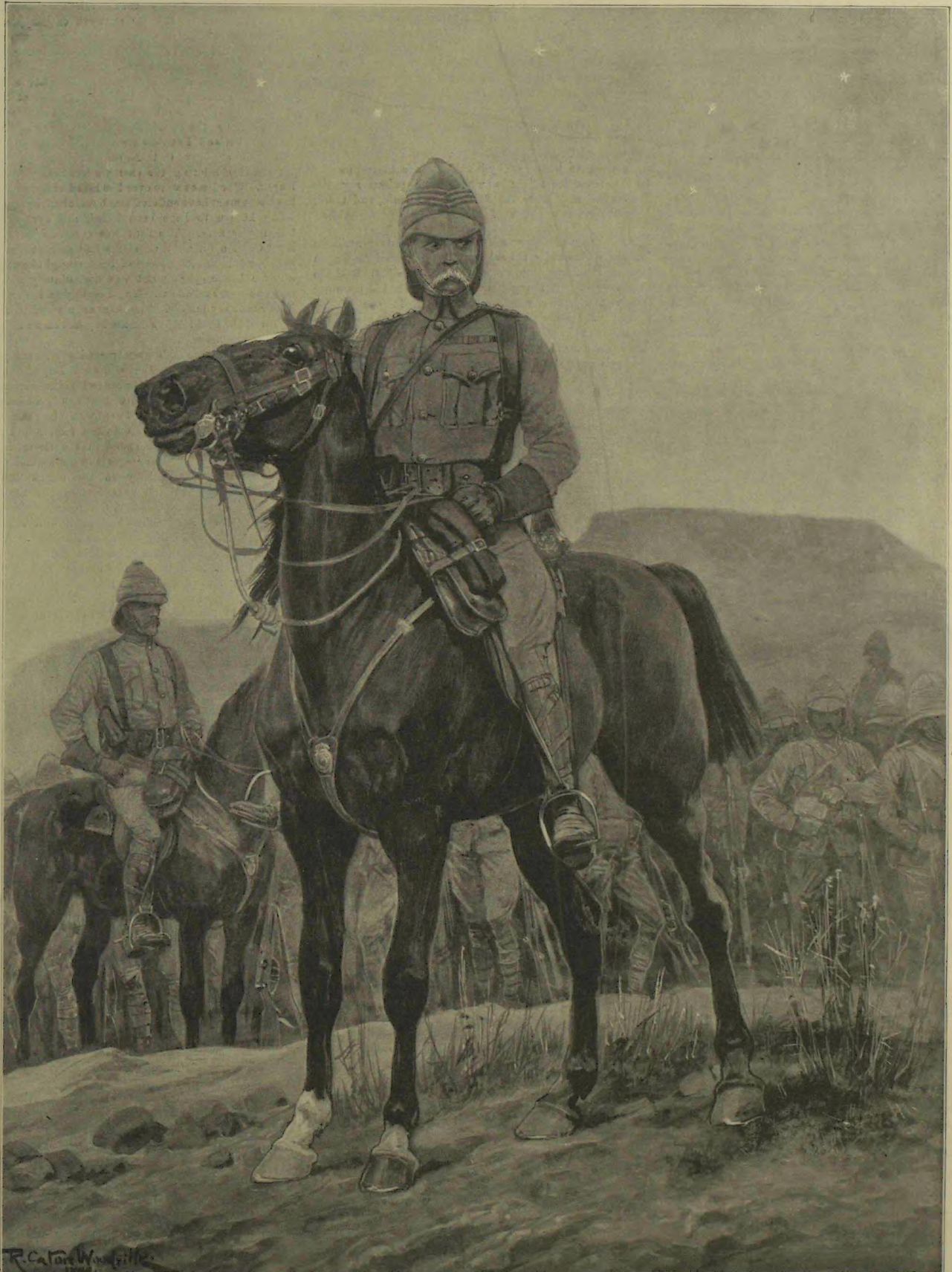
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.

No. 3163.—VOL. CXV.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1899.

WITH EIGHT-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.



THE VICTOR OF BELMONT AND GRAS PAN: LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LORD METHUEN, C.B., COMMANDING THE 1st DIVISION IN SOUTH AFRICA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

As a poor, distracted civilian, I am grateful to the officers who have written to me in most courteous terms to correct my misapprehensions as to the military dress on active service. I gather that there is now scarcely any visible distinction in uniform between the officer and his men. True, there is his sword, and my correspondents are clearly unwilling to part with that. One of them, who has seen much service on the Burmese and Chinese frontiers, and saved General Yule's life in the Afridi campaign, tells me that in Tirah the officers disguised the sword as much as possible by carrying it in the brown leather scabbard, as a private carries a rifle, until it was needed at close quarters. On the question whether an officer should be armed with a rifle instead of a sword, even military experts, I may humbly remark, are not unanimous, for my suggestion as to a change in this respect was borrowed from an officer who made it in the *Times*. As to uniform, it is so democratic that even in the mess-room you cannot tell a lieutenant from a major, or a captain from a lieutenant-colonel, without a careful scrutiny of badges. These are metal stars or crowns worn on the shoulder and distributed in this way: A second lieutenant (poor man!) has none; a lieutenant has one star, a captain two stars, a major one crown, a lieutenant-colonel one crown and one star.

This disorganises my ideas, for I thought you could always distinguish a lieutenant-colonel by the majesty of his aspect. I mean his aspect when he wears his full martial array, for in the costume of the average peaceful man, the British officer puts off his air of command and is the most modest of citizens. I once met the Commander-in-Chief at a literary dinner; and when he stood up in simple evening dress, as bare of stars and crowns as the second lieutenant, and gave us reasons for the belief that the pen is mightier than the sword, and that the laurels of the greatest commanders are as naught in comparison with the gratification of gentlemen who write in newspapers, I felt that the profession of arms was retiring into obscurity, and that the time had come for British troops to be generalised by our war-correspondents. When that reform is instituted, the war-correspondent, who has no personal taste for bloodshed, will probably arm himself with some ingenious and quick-firing apparatus for ejecting ink at the astonished enemy.

I have quoted Lord Methuen's order for the assimilation of the officer's dress to that of the rank and file as evidence that this change is comparatively recent; but my Anglo-Indian friend suggests that the order refers simply to the haversacks of the Guards. For some reason, the officers in the Guards' regiments left England with white haversacks, while those of the men were parti-coloured. By this time the officer will have learnt that the white haversack is the only part of his equipment which must not be kept spick and span; and so the one emblem that might help a sharpshooter to single him out from his men must disappear. Somebody once defined dirt as matter in the wrong place; on the white haversack it will refute the definition. Another correspondent (this one, I confess, is a Scotch civilian) asks why dirt may not furnish the same useful disguise to the bare knees of the Highlander. When he is scrambling to the storm of a kopje, his knees cannot remain as chaste as alabaster. I mention this suggestion with diffidence, for since I introduced kilts into this controversy, Gaelic blood has shown symptoms of boiling. I never pass a tobacconist's now without feeling thankful that he has dropped the old custom of putting a Highlander's effigy outside his door. I believe it would come to life and terrify me! A military counsellor writes: "As regards the tartans, it seems to be a question of kilts and Highlanders, or no kilts and no Highlanders. Take away the kilt and you lose the Highland recruit." That is forcibly put, and I feel abashed. True, all I suggested was that the kilt should not be worn in campaigning against the Boer. But I will admit anything to keep the dirt away from my fifth rib!

To how many of us, as we looked into the morning paper, and saw what Methuen's Guardsmen had been doing, came the strains of that fine old lyrical bit of patriotic exultation, "The British Grenadiers"? Middle-aged gentlemen, never suspected of song, never known to whistle a tune in the sacred precincts of bank parlours, must have hummed a stirring bar or two when they were shaving. I hear of one old soldier, long since retired, and a prey to asthma, who was found by his valet with his face lathered, the razor in one hand and the paper in the other, stalking about his room in great excitement, and singing in high-pitched accents that threatened instant suffocation—

Some talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules.

He sang these lines several times, and then burst out—"Can't remember how it goes! Do you, Sir? Then why don't you? Confound you; what's the good of you, Sir? Never mind! With a tow and a row, and a tow, row, row!"

I sympathise with that old warrior. There are moments in this campaign when the civilian, however cool and level-headed, wants to throw up his window and intimate to the best of his vocal energy, for the encouragement of all and sundry, his determination to back the Grenadiers against Hercules and Alexander. As a rule, I have a poor taste for war-songs. Unless you are in a certain mood, they seem to overdo the note. But at this moment I have the "tow, row, row" in my blood. That is the feeling of every Briton, whatever may be his views about war. He cannot resist that mental picture of the Guards scaling the precipitous kopje, some of them with pipes in their mouths, coolly defiant of the death that flashed from every boulder. There they are, victorious on the ridge after the bayonet charge for which the Boers did not wait, and you can hear them chanting "Soldiers of the Queen." Organs and brass bands and street-boys have made that song a curse to many a toiler who loves meditation and hates noise; but hereafter its crudities will be mellowed for me by those memories of the heights of Belmont. It is not of the Guards alone that we are thinking with pride; it is of all the troops who are engaged in this struggle with the most stubborn and skilful foe our arms have encountered since the Crimea. General Joubert is reported to have said that there are 50,000 Boers in the field. I see that a German officer puts the number at 60,000. It does not look at present as if we should at any time have a great preponderance of numbers; at any rate, Lord Methuen's successes have been won by his vigorous initiative, and by that indomitable valour which made Napoleon say the British infantry were the finest in the world, and thank heaven there were so few of them.

One lesson of this war is that we must never again be taunted with leaving the soldier who has served the Queen to drift into destitution, or to endure on the battlefield the bitterness of the thought that, if he fall, his bereaved family will suffer want. Mr. Davitt, in one of his unhappy moments of fanaticism, said that the supreme reward of the Irish soldier in the Queen's armies was death in a British workhouse. I rejoice to think that the country is more alive to-day than it has ever been to the duty of taking out of that reproach any sting of truth. Many Army Reserve men who returned to the colours in the national emergency have been assured of employment when this new service is over. The excellent feeling shown by employers will have the effect, I trust, of breaking down the old prejudice against Army men in the humbler ranks of civil life. In one of the best of the "Barrack-Room Ballads," Mr. Kipling gives one of his ironical touches to the discarded soldier's outlook—

Then don't ye weep for me,
My lovely Mary Ann,
For I'll marry ye yet,
On a fourpenny-bit,
As a time-expired man.

The fourpenny-bit is only too justly symbolic of Tommy Atkins's prospects in the cultivation of the arts of peace.

The change in public feeling may even extend to the superior persons who have been accustomed to regard Tommy as a hireling. He is no more a hireling than any other wage-earner; and if the nature of military discipline deprives him of independence, if he cannot throw up his job like a dissatisfied workman, that is no reflection on his manhood. Civic courage is often a quality that cannot be overrated; but the courage that storms the kopjes has its title to admiration, for without it we should never have made the Empire of any use to the world. Moreover, it imposes a special obligation on us. The soldier who gives his life to the country continues, even after death, to be our creditor. We can pay our debt to him in just measure only by caring for his widow and orphans. There is a door in Pall Mall which is open all day. It leads into a room which, small as it is, has in it more heart-break than you could find in any such space in all the Empire. It is the room of sad tidings—tidings of misery for many whose nearest and dearest are no more, or are hanging between life and death. Who can pass that doorway, with its constant ebb and flow of bereavement and suspense, and not feel that duty calls him to subscribe to one of the admirable funds organised for the needs of the poor who have given the blood of their bread-winners to their Queen?

The French authorities have shown a proper sense of their responsibilities by seizing one of the pictorial infamies that circulate on the Paris boulevards. This was an insulting caricature of the Queen, who is assailed just now by the most filthy blackguardism that vituperated the Court of Cassation. As every decent Frenchman reprobates this, and as the Queen is deeply respected by the mass of the French people, I can see no wisdom in the reprisals suggested by an evening paper—"Let no one to whom 'he name of the Queen of England is sacred visit the French Exhibition, spend his holiday in France, or purchase French goods.'" Does the writer of this passage propose, as did an ardent English Dreyfusard, to deny himself the wines of France? Because some caricaturist or some journalist in Paris is a scoundrel, must we all shun the Exhibition and the Riviera?

THE TRANSVAAL WAR REVIEWED.

BY A MILITARY CORRESPONDENT.

Some striking developments have taken place in South Africa during the past ten days. At the same time, a state of transition still exists, and like all such states it is not a very comfortable one. There is, however, unalloyed confidence in the capacity of Sir Redvers Buller and the fine commanders and splendid troops he has under him to bring the War to a satisfactory conclusion at the earliest possible moment.

On the Western Border, Lord Methuen's progress from Orange River has been a most brilliant one. Starting on Tuesday, Nov. 21, he found the enemy on Nov. 23 near Belmont, where they had previously been located by a reconnaissance under Colonel Gough. His own force consisted of about 7000 men, including the Guards Brigade, the so-called 9th Brigade, a Naval Brigade, and details. The strength of the Boers could not be accurately estimated, but they were excellently placed, and contested three successive positions with very great stubbornness.

The Guards attacked at daybreak after a five-mile march, and simply rushed the first position at the point of the bayonet. In the capture of the two remaining positions the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Northumberland Fusiliers were in line with the Guards, and the artillery and Naval Brigade did splendid service in shattering the enemy's front and damaging his laager. Our losses were over 200 killed and wounded; but the Boers must have suffered much more heavily, over eighty being known to have been killed, and over fifty being taken prisoners. The rout was complete, a number of horses and a quantity of stores and ammunition falling into our hands. As a piece of hard straightforward fighting the battle of Belmont was undoubtedly a very fine achievement, and one which will occupy an honoured place in our military annals. The manner in which the Guards captured the first kopje with the bayonet alone is described as quite magnificent.

On Nov. 25 Lord Methuen moved northward with the 9th Brigade, Mounted Corps, Naval Brigade, and two batteries, the Guards following with the baggage. At Gras Pan, about six miles north of Belmont, the force was opposed by 2500 Boers with six guns and two machine-guns, and from six to ten a.m. a hot engagement was fought, which ended in the clearance of the heights, the Naval Brigade specially distinguishing itself and losing heavily. Early in the action 500 Boers attacked the baggage, but were repulsed by the Guards. Our own casualties were heavy, and included Commander Ethelston, of the *Powerful*, and Major Plumbe, R.M.L.L., and Captain Senior, Royal Marine Artillery. After the battle the force halted a day at Gras Pan, having in the meantime got into communication by heliograph with Kimberley, from which news was received up to Nov. 23.

Her Majesty was most prompt in sending congratulatory telegrams to the Guards and to the Naval Brigade on hearing of the victories at Kaffir's Kop and Gras Pan.

Some apprehension has naturally been felt as to Mafeking, the latest despatches from which indicated that the gallant little garrison was hard pressed. But it is hoped that the approach of Lord Methuen's column and the victories of Belmont and Gras Pan will have greatly lessened, if they have not entirely put an end to, the investment.

In Natal the armoured-train affair of Nov. 15 was followed not only by an attack on Estcourt, which was repulsed without difficulty, but also by the movement of a considerable number of Boers to a point between Estcourt and the Mooi River, to the south, on which another British force was now encamped under General Barton. By seizing Highlands Station the Boers temporarily isolated Estcourt as well as Ladysmith, and it became necessary for General Hildyard, who was in command at the former place, to take a prompt offensive. This he did on Nov. 23, with the result that the enemy retired, and that communications were reopened. The retirement of the enemy south of the Tugela River, where numerous raiding parties were beginning to be in evidence, now became general, and simultaneously our own troops began to press forward towards Ladysmith. Frere was reached last Sunday by a column under General Hildyard, and at the time of writing news was expected of a sharp engagement between this force and the enemy between Frere and Colenso. Assuming the success of the British arms, the relief of Ladysmith, from which a despatch had been received stating that all was well up to Nov. 24, would naturally follow in a few days.

Meanwhile Sir Redvers Buller arrived in Natal, and went promptly to Pietermaritzburg with a view to directing the operations.

In Cape Colony, General Gatacre, after being compelled to wait some days for the arrival of sufficient troops to form a respectable force—one complete brigade of his division having been sent out to Natal—commenced an advance on Monday last, with a view partly to pressing back the Boers who had reoccupied Stormberg, and partly to producing a moral impression upon wavering Dutch loyalty on the border. Here, again, an action was impending towards the end of the present week.

CASUALTIES AT THE FRONT.

Captain Edward Boaz Eagar, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who fell fighting at Belmont, in the battle waged on Nov. 23 by General Lord Methuen's Kimberley Relief Force, had not quite reached the age of forty years. At twenty he entered the Army; he was gazetted Lieutenant a year later, and ten years ago became Captain. Six years' service as Adjutant to Volunteers preceded the part he took in the Nile Expedition of 1898, when he received the medal and clasp for his gallantry at the battle of Khartoum. The news of Captain Eagar's death, telegraphed to his father-in-law, Colonel Thoyts, formerly Mayor of Cheltenham, was received with great regret in that town.

Lieutenant Robert Walter Maxwell Brine, another officer killed on the same occasion, was only a little more than twenty-four years of age, and was the only surviving son of Colonel Bruce Brine, lately commanding the Royal Engineers at Aldershot. The young soldier served in the Cadet Volunteer Corps when he was at Marlborough College; and four years ago he passed through the Hertford Militia into the 1st Battalion Northumberland Fusiliers, with which he was engaged in the Nile Expedition of last year, when he saw his first active warfare at the battle of Omdurman. It may be added that this young Lieutenant of "the Fighting Fifth" came of fighting stock. His grandfather and two of his great-uncles were Admirals. Of his uncles, three were in the Army, one of them rising to the rank of Major-General, and two in the Navy; of whom one, Admiral Lindesay Brine, is still living.

Among the slightly wounded is Lieutenant-Colonel Eyre M. S. Crabbe, of the Grenadier Guards, whose gallant part in the storming of the heights of Belmont is all of a piece with his past record. Entering the Army twenty-eight years ago, he rendered notable service for four years as an Instructor of Musketry. He did transport duty in the Egyptian Expedition, 1882. Captain in 1883, Major in 1890, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1898, he acted during those years as District Inspector of Musketry at Aldershot, and served with the Sudan Expedition in 1884-85, and with the Guards' Camel Regiment in the Nile Expedition at the battle of Abu Klea.

Major Edmund William Dashwood, of the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, among the severely wounded, is forty-one years of age, and has been for over twenty years in the Army. He had been a Major for a year when he served in the Nile Expedition of last year, and won distinction at the battle of Omdurman.

Captain Douglas Sapte, also of the Northumberland Fusiliers and of the severely wounded, has been with the regiment since 1885. He has served as Adjutant, and he took his Captaincy in 1892. He, too, was in the Nile Expedition, and won honours at the battle of Omdurman.

Another wounded officer, Lieutenant the Hon. Claud Heathcote Drummond Willoughby, is a son of the Earl of Ancaster, and was born in 1872. He was nineteen when he joined the Coldstream Guards, and was gazetted a Lieutenant in the January of 1897.

Lieutenant Charles Edward Fishbourne, another of the wounded, joined the Northumberland Fusiliers when he was twenty-three. He became a Lieutenant three years later, and during the Nile Expedition of last year, was present at the battle of Omdurman.

A glimpse of the battle of Elandslaagte from the non-commissioned officer's point of view comes to us in a letter of Sergeant Harry Powell, of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, whose portrait we give among the wounded. He says they had to face the Boers up-hill for two and a half hours through a perfect hail of shot and shell. Early in the day he was wounded in the left arm, but a comrade fixed his bayonet for him, and he was one of the first down-hill at the charge. He says that the battle of Elandslaagte was a thousand times worse than Dargai.

Lieutenant Arthur M. Perreau, of the 53rd Field Battery, who was wounded at Ladysmith, is twenty-nine years of age, and obtained his Lieutenancy six years ago.

Among our portraits of non-commissioned officers is that of the late Sergeant E. Colville, of the Natal Carbineers, who was killed at Rietfontein on Oct. 24. Sergeant Colville's two brothers, Hepburn and Charles, are among the beleaguered Imperial troops at Ladysmith.

Lieutenant Russell, of the 3rd Grenadier Guards, who was wounded at Belmont, is twenty-five years of age, and obtained his Lieutenancy last year.

The first of the gallant Natal Volunteers to fall in the present war was Lieutenant W. J. Clapham, of the Natal Mounted Rifles, whose portrait we give.

Lieutenant Festing, of the Northumberland Fusiliers, who was wounded at Belmont, is twenty-two years of age, and joined the Army in 1896. He holds the Omdurman medal.

Captain Henri Montgomery Campbell, 21st Battery R.F.A., who was among the wounded at Elandslaagte, and whose portrait appeared in our last issue with an error in the nomenclature, is the eldest son of the late Captain Henri Campbell, 19th Regiment. He was born in 1864, and received his commission when he was twenty.

PORTRAITS OF PRISONERS.

Lieutenant Alan Bryant, of the Gloucestershire Regiment, who is a prisoner at Pretoria, obtained his commission in 1890, passed from Sandhurst into the 1st Battalion Gloucester Regiment, and has since served with the regiment in Ireland, Malta, Egypt, and India. He is Senior Lieutenant of his battalion.

Second Lieutenant Robert Longfield Beasley, another of the captured 1st Gloucester Regiment, joined the Army within the last twelvemonth.

Major H. C. Cure, one of the unfortunate 1st Battalion of the Gloucestershire Regiment taken prisoners at Nicholson's Nek, served in Burma during the 1886-87 Campaign, in which he was mentioned in despatches, was decorated with the medal and clasp, and won the Distinguished Service Order.

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GRAND ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME. A PROUNOUNCED SUCCESS.



PLAYING THE BOER GAME: THE BRITISH SOLDIER TAKING COVER ON THE VELDT.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

OFFICERS AT THE FRONT.

Colonel William Royston, Commandant of the Natal Volunteers, has played a prominent part in the fighting around Ladysmith. A Natal Britisher, born in the colony, he knows the country, speaks the languages of both natives and Boers, and is familiar with all Boer methods. He has seen much service in the Zulu and other native wars, and while prompt to aid others, he has never been careful for himself; his latest narrow escape was the tearing of a bullet between his arm and ribs in one of the numerous scouting exploits in which the Volunteers have been distinguishing themselves around Ladysmith.

Commander Frederick R. W. Morgan, in command of H.M.S. *Tartar*, on the Cape station since August last, began his life as a midshipman on the *Minotaur*. On board the *Sultan* he passed up the Dardanelles in 1878; and shortly afterwards joined the *Black Prince*. As a sub-Lieutenant, he landed in Egypt; and, after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir,

received special promotion, also the medal, clasp, and Khedive's Star. As Lieutenant, he served on the China station, and, later, on the *Camperdown*, as Flag-Lieutenant to Sir Michael Culme-Seymour. Promoted to Commander's rank out of the royal yacht in 1894, he was with H.M.S. *Imogene* at Constantinople for two years; and subsequently served the Intelligence Department at the Admiralty for two years until he joined the *Tartar*.

Major George Elliott Benson, of the Royal Field Artillery, who is told off for special service in South Africa, is an officer of thirty-eight years of age, and of considerable campaigning experience in Ashanti and the Soudan. At Suakim, in 1885, he received the medal; he was made Brevet-Major for his Ashanti services ten years later; after Dongola, in 1896, he wore another medal; and at Kassala, in 1898, he commanded a force of Irregulars. Major Benson graduated at the Staff College, and was Brigadier Major of Artillery at Aldershot from 1892 to 1895.



THE BATTLE OF RIETFontein: HELPING A BADLY WOUNDED COMRADE UNDER A HOT FIRE.



THE BATTLE OF RIETFontein: INDIAN BEARERS AT WORK ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD METHUEN.

There is a mistaken idea sometimes expressed that the Guards officer, though second to none in the matter of bravery, is not of the stuff of which generals are made—that is to say that he is better at fighting than at leading an army. The career of Lord Methuen, whose victorious march upon Kimberley is now attracting the attention of the whole country, is enough to dispel that illusion. Lord Methuen is one of the smartest tacticians in the British Army. There is never a new method of warfare mooted but it receives his immediate attention. But Lord Methuen is much more than a mere book-soldier. He carries his theory into practice. How well he does so is shown by his brilliant night march upon Gras Pan and capture of the Boer position. The study and development of the night march had occupied Lord Methuen's attention for many years; and thus when the time came to employ it at Gras Pan he managed to bring it off like clockwork—he was not obliged to work at random—he was able to apply a vast amount of systematic knowledge which he had gathered by study in the time of peace. This assiduous attention to the duties of his profession is the more creditable to Lord Methuen inasmuch as he is not of those who are compelled to work by the necessities of their position in life. Like his friend Sir Redvers Buller, he might, if he had cared to, have lived a life of luxury and ease. He has a beautiful place at Corsham Court, in Wiltshire. He is a Peer of the realm, and descended from James Methuen, Chancellor of Ireland in the reign of Queen Anne, and afterwards, as Ambassador to Portugal, the negotiator of the famous treaty for the mutual interchange of port wine and woollen goods between Portugal and England, which subsisted till only a few years ago. But Lord Methuen was not content to rest satisfied with the wealth and position his father had provided for him. Like Sir Redvers Buller, he preferred to work for his country. After a period of service on the Gold Coast, in Ashanti, and in Ireland, he proceeded as Military Attaché to Berlin, where from 1877 till 1881 he made a profound study of German military tactics. The experience he gained there he put into practice when leading the celebrated Methuen's Horse in the Bechuana Campaign of 1884. It was then, and as Deputy-Adjutant-General at the Cape in 1888, that he gained that knowledge of South Africa which renders his services so valuable at present. Since 1892 Lord Methuen has been in command of the Home District, and has been constantly before the public as a military organiser, and, more particularly, as the special friend and champion of the Volunteer movement.

THE BATTLE OF RIETfontein.

(Abridged from Mr. Lynch's Despatch.)

In a vivid despatch dated Tuesday, Oct. 24, and bearing the postmark, "Ladysmith, Nov. 1," Mr. George Lynch, our Special Correspondent, tells the story of the combat of Rietfontein. On the morning of Oct. 24, at five o'clock, while it was yet dark, he was up and out with the troops, and as the dawn broke was well outside Ladysmith.

Just before eight (Mr. Lynch continues) the troops rested on the road, which then traversed a plain, with high hills on each side. Then, resuming the march, we

extend into more open order along the veldt on both sides of the road. The sun was now shining out brightly, and it was a brilliant sight to see the cavalry galloping out to either flank across the veldt, the artillery going forward, and the khaki-coloured dots of infantry deploying. The Boer gun was posted on the top of a high hill called Tinta Inyoni, on the left of the road ahead of us. The battery were ordered off to a position on the left across the railway line, and in wonderfully quick time it had opened fire on the Boer gun.



ONE OF OUR MILITARY BALLOONS AT LADYSMITH.

Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

As they were unlimbering, the Boers were already dropping shells among them, but, fortunately, they were not exploding. Between the road and Tinta Inyoni was a low, rounded hill, but of such a gentle curve as to offer hardly any shelter from the Boer fire.

To get to this the railway line had to be crossed, with barbed-wire fences on both sides.

The Gloucesters and Devons had now crossed the railway line, and were lying in what cover the rounded hill afforded. As I passed the Devons I heard an officer say, "Anyone who has anything to eat let him eat it now." The artillery were now coming round from the left, having silenced the Boer gun in the first position it took up, and were coming to the brow of the rounded hill to shell the Boer position from closer range. When going up the slope to the crest of this ridge the Boers opened a heavy rifle-fire.

As the fire grew hotter, our Correspondent's Boer horse, "President Kruger," became obstinate and refused

and lying behind a stone when the bullets were busy. Several men were getting hit around now, and the lieutenants and dhoolies were beginning to be busy. Lieutenant Ferrand, 42nd Battery, was struck in the legs, and, stuffing his gaiter with straw, was carried off on a stretcher. Now a riderless horse galloped past and around the guns, the exact traditional riderless cavalry horse with ears cocked and flowing mane all complete. Reaching the guns at last, there was no lack of good subjects for snap-shooting. To make the R.A. more picturesque, of course, they should use the old black powder, not the smokeless cordite, but, fortunately for my purpose, the mountain battery were using the old stuff.

"About 11.30 the Gloucesters advanced over the brow of the hill and then across an open space below, with their Maxim. They drew the fire away from us on the top, and we could look on at their fatal, almost suicidal, advance across the open ground below. This advance was made without orders, and at a terrible sacrifice, which would probably have resulted in the whole battalion being annihilated but for the cavalry coming to their rescue. The object of the day's work was, however, fully accomplished by occupying the Boer commandoes and driving them back westward, so as to leave the road clear for the Dundee column to come down."

MELTON PRIOR'S WAR SKETCHES.

Our two double-page illustrations (reproduced in facsimile) from the pencil of Mr. Melton Prior, represent the scene at the battle of Lombard's Kop before Ladysmith on Oct. 30, and the tending of the wounded after Elandslangte. The former realises for us a great artillery duel, and shows the immense tract of country over which a modern action extends; the latter emphasises the heroic endurance of our wounded soldiers, the devotion of our medical staff, and that British chivalry which can minister to the disabled foe.

THE KAISER AT SANDRINGHAM.

On Saturday, Nov. 25, the German Emperor and Empress left Windsor and proceeded to Sandringham to visit the Prince and Princess of Wales. On Sunday the Prince and Princess, with their imperial and other guests, attended divine service at Sandringham church; and on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, a shooting party proceeded to Wolferton Wood, where excellent sport was enjoyed. At one o'clock the ladies staying at Sandringham, the Duke of Cambridge, and other members of the suite, drove to Wolferton Wood, where luncheon was served in a pavilion. We publish an interesting group taken on the occasion. On Tuesday morning the imperial guests bade farewell to Sandringham, and embarked at Port Victoria on the *Hohenzollern* to return to Germany.

LADY WHITE'S LADYSMITH FUND.

There has never been a war in which the whole of England has co-operated with such heartiness and promptitude as it has done in the good work of relieving the sufferers from the campaign in South Africa. It is not only the success of the Mansion House Fund that may be cited in proof of this gratifying fact. Innumerable tributaries swell the vast river of charity which indicates so well the deep interest the nation takes in the gallant soldiers and sailors who are fighting so bravely for the cause of liberty and justice and for the legitimate



+ Lieutenant Galloway, who was taken prisoner.

A TROOP OF NATAL CARBINEERS.

Photograph by W. R. Sherwood, Natal.

went along until 8.20, when a shot from the hills was heard on our left. We were still going along the road in close marching order, when at 8.30 there was a report of another gun and the whirring sound of a shell, which fell right in amongst our artillery. It was an excellent shot and fell between two limbers of the 42nd Battery, grazing Lieutenant Sholto Douglas so closely that it tore open his haversack and wounded his horse so badly that he was no longer able to ride it.

In a moment all was bustle but no confusion, the words of command rang out clear, and the whole force began to

be led. He determined to abandon him, whereupon the animal elected to follow his master like a dog. "Seeing that he was so well trained, I left him to stand in a slight depression farther up which gave some protection, and he at once set about feeding on the veldt, which was just beginning to be nicely luxuriant after the rain. The six guns of the mountain battery were now in position and had opened fire, as also had the 53rd Battery, on the three hills opposite from which the fire was coming. I wanted to get some photos of the artillery in action, and went up cautiously, stooping down across the open space,

paramountcy of the Queen's benignant rule in the benighted Boer lands. One of the funds most deserving of public support is that which Lady White is raising. All our readers who would unite with her Ladyship in providing comforts in the shape of garments, plum-puddings, cordials, and the "fragrant weed," etc., for those who have fought so bravely under Sir George White in the defence of beleaguered Ladysmith, should send their "cheques or postal notes as early as possible to the "Lady-smith Christmas Fund," care of Lloyd's Bank, Limited, 222, Strand, London.

PERSONAL.

The German Emperor is said to have taken especial pleasure, during his visit to Windsor, in rides and rambles in the Park. His admiration for one of the loveliest bits of English scenery found enthusiastic expression. It is gratifying to know that his visit to Windsor and Sandringham was an unclouded success, and that the two young Princes who accompanied him have taken away equally happy memories of our Queen and our England.

The present Transvaal War is the topical subject of Mr. Arthur Shirley's new Princess's play, "The Absent-Minded Beggar; or, For Queen and Country," and you will find it the conventional sort of melodrama, hardly libelling the bellicose Boers, patriotically full of stimulating warlike sentiment, stirring in its battle-scenes, and equipped with one or two startling stage-effects. The big sensations are the thing at the Princess's Theatre, and a royal review of boy cadets, the thrilling use of a telegraph machine, the grim advent of a genuine armoured train, and finally a realistic representation of the battle of Glencoe, should satisfy the greediest appetite for spectacle, military glory, and bloodshed. The only acting of any great moment at Mr. Barrett's old house is that of Mr. H. B. Warner, a promising young actor, who can deliver a speech dramatically, has a very natural and unaffected style, and may well prove William Terriss's legitimate successor.

Second Lieutenant C. W. Barton, of the 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment, who was wounded during the engagement at Belmont, joined the Army in 1897. Before proceeding to South Africa for the present campaign he was stationed at Aldershot, and had seen no war service. His injuries are, unfortunately, reported to be severe, but recent reports with regard to all the wounded are encouraging.

Somebody calls attention to an undeserved penalty which threatens the Reservists in the War. Their absence will disqualify them for the electoral register. Soldiers have no votes, and the Reservists who had votes will probably lose them. This is rather hard on men who are fighting the Boers because they refused the rights of citizenship to the British majority in the Transvaal.

Lord Ardilaun has bought Killarney for something over fifty thousand pounds. It is expected that the liberal-minded landlord who gave St. Stephen's Green to Dublin as a public park will hold Killarney as a national trust.

Mr. T. H. Ismay, who died at his residence, Dawpool, near Birkenhead, on Nov. 23, was famous as the founder of the White Star line of steamships. He was the eldest son of Joseph Ismay, shipbuilder and shipowner, of Maryport, Cumberland, and was born in 1837. He was educated at Carlisle, and at sixteen was apprenticed to a shipowner of Liverpool. After his indentures were out, he enlarged his experience by foreign travel. In 1867 he started business on his own account, and in 1870 his firm decided upon entering into competition for the Atlantic trade. Mr. Ismay's main idea was that the comfort and safety of passengers should not be sacrificed to speed. An engrossing business did not prevent him from taking his share in public work. Although he declined to become a candidate for Parliamentary honours, he served on several Royal and Departmental Commissions, notably Lord Hartington's Commission on Administrations of Army and Navy and the Royal Artillery. He was a director of the London and North-Western Railway Company, and in 1892 was High Sheriff of Cheshire. He was a great traveller, and took a keen interest in yachting.

Osman Digna has escaped again. This time he seems to have felt that he might bolt with impunity, even under the eyes of the Khalifa, for he withdrew when the firing began, and left his revered employer to be killed. Having played this game successfully for fifteen years, Osman is likely to practise the art of running for the rest of his life. He might offer his services to the Egyptian Government. The Sirdar would gladly accept them, and make Osman comfortable. But that would spoil a picturesque career, and we hope the agile Emir will not belie his tradition.

Colonel Sir Francis Reginald Wingate, with whom rests the honour of having defeated and slain the Khalifa,

is one of the most distinguished of our Egyptian officers. He is the seventh son of the late Andrew Wingate, of Glasgow. His early education was private; then he entered Woolwich, becoming a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery in 1880. He served in India and at Aden until 1888, when he joined the Egyptian Army. He acted as Aide-de-Camp and Military Secretary to General Sir Evelyn Wood during the Nile Expedition of 1884-85, and was Aide-de-Camp to the General Officer commanding the Eastern District until 1886. He then rejoined the Egyptian Army, and was promoted Captain and Brevet-Major in 1889. He was attached to the Intelligence Department during the battle of Toski. For his services in that engagement he received the Distinguished Service Order and the clasp. In 1897 he was a member of the Special Commission to Menelik, and then took part in the operations which resulted in the capture of Abu Hamed and the occupation of Berber. The Atbara and Omdurman were also among his distinctions.

Lord Methuen's victory at Belmont has cost several of our distinguished regiments dear, but the enemy also suffered very heavily, as is proved by the reports of the British burying parties. In the earlier telegraphic despatches it was announced that Lieutenant Wilfrid Astley Blundell Hollinshead Blundell was among the wounded Grenadier Guards. A later telegram from the General of the First Division brought the news that the unfortunate officer had died on the evening of Nov. 23, the day of the battle.

Mr. Blundell was born in May 1871, and was appointed to the Grenadier Guards as Second Lieutenant in March 1892. In 1897 he was promoted Lieutenant. He had seen no war service until this, his first and last campaign. He was the son of the Rector of Halsall, Lancaster, and a nephew of the Colonel of his name, who has sat in two Parliaments as the representative of the Ince Division of Lancaster. On his mother's side the deceased Lieutenant was a grandson of Sir Francis Drysdale Astley, second Baronet.

Mr. Charles Coghlan, who died in Texas, was an actor of considerable repute. His popularity a quarter of a century ago induced the Bancrofts to cast him for Shylock, and many playgoers still recall with wonder the amiable old gentleman from the Stock Exchange that he presented. He was last seen in London as Mercutio when Mr. Forbes Robertson revived "Romeo and Juliet." Many years ago he was an admirable Charles Surface, and his performance in Mr. Burnand's merry satire, "The Colonel," had a great vogue.

The late Captain William Montagu Tharp was well known in racing circles, and had been an honorary member of the Jockey Club since 1880. Captain Tharp, who was born in 1837, was the only child of Mr. J. S. Tharp, D.L., of Chippenham. His mother was Anna Maria, daughter of Mr. George Gent, of Moynas. In 1868 Captain Tharp married Annabella Lucy, daughter of Mr. Arthur Lyttelton Annesley. Captain Tharp's country seat was Chippenham Park, Newmarket. He was a member of the Carlton Club and the Army and Navy Club. In him has passed away one who had many memories of sportsmen famous in their day.

It is somewhat remarkable that the order for the chocolate which is to form the Queen's gift to her soldiers has been placed with three celebrated Quaker firms, Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree. Although no public statement has been made by the firms in question, it is understood that Mr. Cadbury, as a member of the Peace Society, at first suggested that the name of the firm should not appear on the chocolate or the tin boxes, but this objection was overruled, as her Majesty wished her soldiers to know that it was no inferior quality that was being supplied to them. The Messrs. Cadbury, Fry, and Rowntree have refused to make any profit out of the Queen's order, which they intend executing at cost price. Designs for the tin were submitted by the three firms, the box chosen being that submitted by Messrs. Fry and Sons, her Majesty's Warrant Holders, for whom the work had been executed by Messrs. Barclay and Fry, Limited, decorated tin-box manufacturers, of Southwark. The tin is flat and oblong, and is decorated according to her Majesty's instructions. The lid bears a medallion of the Queen and the royal monogram, and there is an inscription commemorative of the occasion which has prompted the present. When the order is completed, the dies from which the tins have been stamped will be destroyed, so that the gift may have something of the value of a "limited edition."

Among the officers of the Northamptonshire Regiment wounded at Belmont is Captain Lewis Grey Freeland. Captain Freeland was born in May 1867, and received his first Army appointment in December 1888. In March 1891 he was promoted Lieutenant, and obtained his Captaincy in April of the present year. Before leaving for South Africa he had been stationed for some time at Aldershot. The battalion of the Northamptonshire Regiment to which he belongs is the 2nd. He has seen no previous war service.

"Diplomatics," in the *Fortnightly Review*, tells an astonishing story of Count Muravieff. When that statesman was at San Sebastian not long ago, he tried to persuade Spain to join a coalition to save the independence of the Transvaal. Spain declined. France was sounded next, and M. Delcassé was still more emphatic in refusing. Count Muravieff thought it prudent to go no further, and now wishes it to be known that there never was such a scheme. The story is curious, but probably it represents what Count Muravieff would have desired rather than what he tried to bring about.

The late Mr. Thomas Whittaker, of Scarborough, who died on Nov. 20 in his eighty-seventh year, was one of the earliest advocates of total abstinence. He was born at Grindleton, in Yorkshire, in August 1813, and at the age of twenty-two was sent out as a temperance advocate by Joseph Livesey, of Preston, the father of the temperance movement. In 1836 he became one of the agents of the British Association for the Suppression of Intemperance, and from that date he achieved a reputation on the temperance platform probably unrivalled by any other delegate. He owed his education to his own efforts, for he had never been to a day-school, having been sent to work in a cotton-mill when he was six years old. For fifty years he resided in Scarborough, where he took an active interest in public affairs. He was a member of the Corporation, a Justice of the Peace, and in 1881 was Mayor. Mr. T. P. Whittaker, M.P. for the Spen Valley Division of Yorkshire, is one of his sons.

Sentiment and Charles Hawtrey may seem to have little in common, yet it is in a sentimental comedy owing its inspiration to "Boz" that the Avenue manager scores his latest success. Not that there is much external resemblance between Mr. Richard Ganthony's pretty dream-play, "A Message from Mars," and Dickens's "Christmas Carol." But it is pleasant now and then to be carried by playwright or romancer right outside the rigid sphere of natural law and ethical necessity, and to be shown an ideal world, all goodness and tenderness of heart. Such a kind "genie" Mr. Ganthony now proves for contemporary playgoers. Happily, too, his sentiment is saved from sickness by a wholesome mixture of caustic wit and farcical humour. The mere sight of Mr. Hawtrey—best-dressed actor on the stage—shivering in rags a costermonger would scorn, is a tonic that should cure the most moping melancholy.



COLONEL SIR F. R. WINGATE.

Photo, Cumming.
SECOND LIEUTENANT C. W. BARTON.Photo, Hills and Saunders.
THE LATE LIEUTENANT BLUNDELL.Photo, Meddington, Liverpool.
THE LATE MR. T. H. ISMAY.Photo, Elliot and Fry.
THE LATE CAPTAIN WILLIAM MONTAGU THARP.Photo, Cumming.
CAPTAIN LEWIS GREY FREELAND.Photo, Elliot and Fry.
THE LATE MR. THOMAS WHITTAKER.



THE BATTLE OF RIETFONTAIN: BOER SHELL BURSTING AMONG THE LANCERS.

Photograph (enlarged) by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

Duke of Cambridge. Prince of Wales. German Emperor. Duke of York.



Princess of Wales. German Empress. Duchess of York. Princess Charles of Denmark. Princess Victoria of Wales.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT: THE ROYAL SHOOTING PARTY AT SANDRINGHAM.

Photograph by J. Thomson, Grosvenor Street.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: AFTER ELANDSLAAGTE.



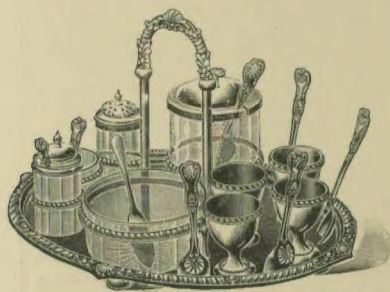
BRINGING WOUNDED BACK INTO LADYSMITH.

From a Photograph by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

LADIES' PAGES.

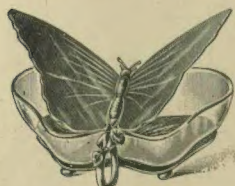
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Messrs. Mappin and Webb's spacious premises at 153 to 162, Oxford Street, are replete with the most charming goods in silver ware, as well as fancy articles in general, all of which are, by the way, duplicated at their other almost equally fine premises at 2, Queen Victoria Street. There are always novelties to be seen here for Christmas, both in the comparatively small gifts and in the more massive pieces. Silver ware as a present has the advantage of combining utility with beauty. Such is notably the characteristic of the exceedingly pretty new breakfast set

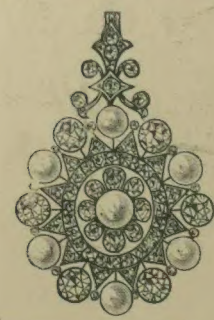


New Breakfast Set.—Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

which is illustrated here. The glitter of crystal cut glass is combined with the sheen of the finest plate; there are egg-cups for four eggs, jars for jam and butter, and a cruet, all set in stands on a silver-plated platter, and though this is such a handsome present, it is not at all expensive. A similar set, considerably smaller, can, however, be had at a proportionately lower price; its arrangements being for two eggs, cruet, and dry toast. Another novelty, which is rivaling in popularity the bee dish which this house introduced, is the new butterfly preserve-dish here illustrated, the glass receptacle of which is combined with shining wings and base. This is made in the firm's famous "Prince's Plate," the wearing qualities of which so many of our readers know, and which in appearance is absolutely indistinguishable from solid silver. Many of the choice designs that Messrs. Mappin and Webb produce can be had, according to choice, either in "Prince's Plate" or in solid silver. Amongst these there is a most elegant after-dinner coffee-service, in the somewhat severe yet very artistic "James I." style, fitted also with Coalport china in gold and white. A handsome addition to the table is

Butterfly Preserve-Dish.
Messrs. Mappin and Webb.

melon, opening out into three sections, the various kinds of biscuits then being held in place by an open grill-work. In smaller presents it is difficult to choose amidst so much that is novel and charming. There is a new menu-holder, in the shape of Jason's Argonaut; and a specially toughened glass tumbler to hold hot water or hot tea served in the Russian fashion, the glass set into a removable frame of silver; and there are a great number of small articles—purses, châtaine-bags, card-cases, and so on. An exceedingly useful present for either a lady or gentleman would be a letter-balance for the writing-table; it is quite small, the weighing being done by a spring inside the silver case, and indicated by a pointer on an ivory face, and yet the tiny object will weigh your letters up to 1 lb. Clocks for night use, fitted with a small electric battery, by means of which a light is cast on the dial at a touch, are not a novelty, perhaps, but very useful to an invalid. On a somewhat more magnificent scale are the pierced solid silver boxes for handkerchiefs, gloves, or jewellery, which cost about ten guineas each. Messrs. Mappin and Webb have also a jewellery department, stocked with a great variety of ornaments.

Diamond and Pearl Pendant.
Messrs. J. W. Benson.

Benson have some very uncommon and charming designs in rings. A diamond and pearl pendant, which is

illustrated here, will give a faint idea of the beauty of workmanship in their best-class goods. Messrs. Benson have adopted, both for their watches and their jewellery, the *Times* "Encyclopædia" plan of payment by monthly instalments, the purchaser obtaining possession of the article immediately on the first payment, and only the catalogue prices being charged in all.

A Creole Earring.
Association of Diamond Merchants.

before the recent rise (and this is true, too, of diamonds), and the advantage being still given to the purchaser. The greatest

taste is shown in matching and setting the stones, so that neither description nor pictures can indicate the perfection of the finished article. For instance, there is a beautiful whole pearl set as a ring, with a line of small diamonds around it, and a large diamond standing up on either side—the great beauty of which, dependent on the lustre and matching of the stones, must be seen to be realised. One of the most newly finished ornaments is a charming aigrette, the centre base of which is a series of bows, and the uprights are peacocks' feathers, so flexibly set that they quiver at the slightest movement; the feathers can be removed and used as corsage brooches, leaving the brilliant bows to be worn alone as a hair ornament when wished. Besides the large stock of such grand pieces as this, and as the magnificent pearl necklaces, both single stone and collars, there are plenty of little ornaments here at extremely moderate prices. Specially good value are such little gem brooches as that illustrated, which costs under seven pounds. The Creole earrings illustrated are pretty.

Diamond Pavé Watch.
Messrs. Smith and Son.

Messrs. Smith and Sons, of 9, Strand, are a firm who make a speciality of watches, and show many proud tributes of various kinds to their surpassing excellence. They have, for example, a watch which gained an absolutely unprecedented number of marks, the highest ever given to any watch, in the New Observatory tests; and an explorer's or officer's watch that will resist the ingress of water, and that can be seen gaily ticking away entirely surrounded by that fluid, having been doing so for some months. Their newest introduction, and one that will be much appreciated, I am sure, is a lady's chronograph, having all the characteristics of a first-class chronograph watch, and yet being in only an ordinary lady's watch size. Another speciality is miniature watches, some of which in gold are only the size of a half-sovereign. Jewelled watches with appropriate brooch-pins are numerous and beautiful; the one which we illustrate has the brooch, in the shape of the fleur-de-lis, as well as the back of the watch and a rim round the dial, set as thickly as possible with double-cut white brilliants; the brooch can be worn separately when desired. In the same style is an enamelled watch and brooch brightened with just a few diamonds. A very uncommon style of watch for a lady is



A Neat Brooch.—Sir John Bennett.

what is called a clock-watch. Messrs. Smith and Sons have received an allotment of space at the Paris Exhibition, where they will show a selection of the very highest class watches only, all of which have cost them some hundreds of pounds to make. Among them will be the lady's clock-watch above referred to. It strikes the hours and chimes the quarters as they pass. There is an attachment by which the striking can be put out of working when silence is desired, and, on the other hand, by touching a spring, the watch will repeat its last stroke at any moment. In contrast to this wonderful specimen of the watchmaker's art and the other elaborate calendar watches, chronometers, and repeaters which are going to the Paris Exhibition, may be mentioned some black gun-metal watches (foreign-made, these, of course), which are sold at the low price of one guinea, and will keep decent time as a child's first watch. Many kinds of watch-pins are here to choose from, the one illustrated, looking like a music-clef, being both cheap and ingenious; it is reversed after the pin has been put in, and is exceedingly safe.

Sir John Bennett's name is famous all the world over for excellent watches and clocks. I know nothing which gives better value in appearance for the price charged than some of Bennett's clocks, whether with or without vases to match, which can be seen standing on the shelves at 65, Cheapside. They are of all varieties, from the dainty French designs—all enamel and gilding and relief of porcelain painting after Watteau or Boucher—to

the solid chime-clocks fitted for a large hall. There are some very charming garnitures de cheminée, set with Wedgwood plaques in the characteristic blue and white, and surrounded by enamels of colours as brilliant as jewellery; and there are the sweetest little boudoir clocks, such as a miniature sedan chair decorated in buhl.

A well-supplied jewellery department in which the finest specimen stones can be obtained, as well as a collection of pretty small ornaments for giving to a family of girls, is a part of Sir John Bennett's business. The illustrations given indicate the excellence of the designs. No pictures, however, convey the real charm of jewellery. For instance, there is a pendant in the shape of a heart set closely all over with whitest pearls, whose sheen is enhanced in a manner that cannot be indicated in black and white by the bright gold points of the setting. A nice present from a lady to a gentleman would be a gold matchbox, which is arranged also to hold five sovereigns. There are some very cheap links, studded with precious stones; and charms for the watch-chain or bracelet in endless variety.



A Diamond and Pearl Ornament.—Sir John Bennett.

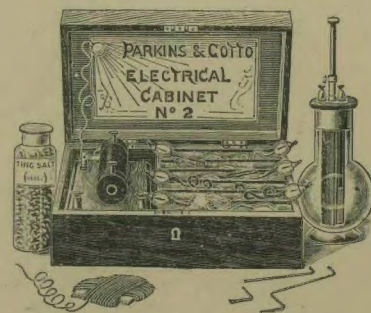
There must be many people who, not being able to afford the finest real jewellery, prefer to have an imitation which is equal to the finest in artistic merit and outward appearance, rather than they would have a less important-looking article of higher intrinsic value. I say there must be many such, for otherwise the really fine stock of imitation diamond and pearl ornaments of the Parisian Diamond Company would not be produced, and so continuously changed and renewed as on successive visits I find it to be. Their pearls are an indistinguishable imitation of the product of the ocean, and their diamonds, set in real gold and silver with the same care as real stones would be by experienced men trained as diamond-setters, are to be had in the most beautiful designs imaginable; in fact, they are



Earrings Up-to-Date.—Parisian Diamond Association.

reproduced from the noblest models of the most artistic periods of the jeweller's art. The Parisian Diamond Company, at their three establishments—143, Regent Street, 85, New Bond Street, and 43, Burlington Arcade, have a great demand for those many smaller ornaments which come in and go out of fashion, and which people hesitate to buy at great expense, for fear that they may not permanently use them. Thus, earrings, which are making their way into fashion so rapidly that already those accustomed to smart dressing have an instinctive feeling that their costume is incomplete without that finish, are being very largely purchased from the Parisian Diamond Company by ladies who either have never worn earrings or have not done so for such a long time that they doubt if they will like to take them into use. Such can experiment at a moderate price with Parisian diamonds or pearls, and can choose from among a large stock, including the gipsy rings set all round their edges with diamonds or diamonds and turquoises, clusters of diamonds with pearl, ruby, or sapphire centres, or pearl drops; while for those who have never had their ears pierced, there are the earrings which we illustrate, to screw on to the ear. Jewelled combs for the hair, slides to put on velvet for evening wear, pendants, and almost every conceivable kind of jewellery in the finest kind of work, are there to select from.

Messrs. Parkins and Gatto, who announce that they have 10,000 presents in stock, make a speciality of scientific toys for youths. We have before illustrated their large and somewhat expensive electrical cabinet; this proved so great



Electrical Cabinet.—Messrs. Parkins and Gatto.

a success last year that they are this year producing it in smaller sizes at a lower price, the experiments, of course, being fewer but equally beautiful. A special catalogue of the electrical apparatus can be had from 54, Oxford Street.

DRESS AND NOTES.

What is a reasonable proportion of a total income of £1200 a year to be allowed Madame for her toilet expenses? The question is more important than many that have been discussed in Parliament, but the law is very vague on the point. The law seems to be that a husband is bound to supply his wife with "necessaries," that elastic term being

interpreted in case of need at the whim of each individual judge, but being held broadly to mean such dresses and other accessories to existence as match with the total of the husband's income and the style of his living. Mr. Justice Bigham has just given his opinion, in the case of the Hon. Mrs. R. Fitzwilliam, that a dress allowance of £160 a year is a reasonable proportion of a total income of £1200. No doubt it is, from one point of view; when we have a mixed House of Commons in which shall sit the representatives of Mrs. Smith, who brings up ten children on a pound a week, as well as the elected of the Duchess of Blank, who could not dress herself on less

of apparel to meet fashion's mere whims, too, wear out more than the woman. But judgment, discretion, and observation of the tendencies of the styles, can do a good deal to produce a smart appearance without wasteful expense. Care in putting on one's things, and dainty taste in finishing off the toilet, in tying a bow, adding an ornament or a flower, and so on, count for very much in effect.

I think it is a mistake to suppose that extravagance is fostered by the multiplication of fashion journals and pages. They can be of great and real assistance in economy to a woman who uses them wisely. A sensible woman will give herself as much trouble to think beforehand and judge well in regard to her dress as she does to her housekeeping. It is the worst economy to buy an old-fashioned thing, for it looks ancient before it is half-worn, on the other hand, a dress produced with good taste and in the newest style will be often quite wearable, and, in fact, up-to-date, months after it was made, when the unthinking crowd overtakes the mode. For instance, no woman who needs to study the narrow limits of a small dress allowance, and who learns, either from her own observation or from reading—well, say this page, if you please!—will have a perfectly tight skirt made now. The newest models are all more or less, and in one or another method, slightly full at the back of the waist just now; and therefore we can foresee that in a little while—when the blessed spring is coming again, in some sixteen weeks' time—skin-tight skirts will be out-of-date, vulgar-looking things! I will not prophesy further, and undertake to tell you now if the best-worn dresses of April next will have a series of knife-pleats stitched down from waist to knee, or lower still, all the way round to the front breadth; or only about a dozen such pleats set in at the back, and ending some eight inches below the waist; or whether the box-pleated back and plain tunic front will win the day; or if some entirely different sort of skirt may not come in; but if you have so few dresses that a skirt which you must have made now must also do you service in the spring, choose *anything* but a pleatless, close-fitting-topped style. I say this because I am shown the newest models in some of the best houses, and I see the trend of fashion without foreseeing details, and it is economical and not wasteful to know and attend to such facts.

Our Illustrations this week show new pleated stitched skirts. One dress is Princess-cut, in cloth, the pleatings held down by stitched strappings, below which the pleats are merely pressed, and spread forth at their will. The bolero is crossed, and edged with strappings, and finished by a silk fringed scarf; yoke of soft pleated muslin and lace. Toque of velvet with white plumes. The other dress has a pleated and stitched skirt of rather a different order, stitched down quite round to the front. The bolero is stitched to correspond, edged with a tiny fringe, and finished with a silk scarf with longer fringe, the belt being of folded silk to match the scarf. The revers boast a lace over-collar, and there is a vest of pleated muslin. The velvet hat is trimmed with wings.

An unusually brilliant 'touch of colour was introduced into the wedding of the Earl of Longford and Lady Mary Villiers by dressing the page who carried the bride's train in scarlet satin worked with silver, finished with deep collar and cuffs of lace. It was, doubtless, in compliment to the bridegroom's regiment, the 2nd Life Guards. The bridesmaids, however, were all in white save for their hats, which were royal blue velvet trimmed with shaded blue feathers. The bride's white satin dress was quite covered with beautiful Brussels lace, which was the wedding gift of her mother-in-law elect. Wedding favours were distributed in the form of white satin rosettes having gold four-leaved shamrocks in the centre.

Now that the colours of the season are declared it is clear that brown and blue are winning in a canter. Automobile, a reddish-brown, is new and much approved. Brown combines with blue admirably, and a fair complexion is "flattered," as the French say, by bringing a rather pale blue near the face in the shape of yoke, revers, or collar only, when a brown dress is chosen. Fawn and blue combine well in a toque for good, young complexions. "Persian pink" is a new tone, deeper though similar to old-rose pink, and is favourable to more faded faces.

There are so many concerts and other functions being organised on behalf of the war charitable funds that it is impossible to follow them all. Actresses and actors with a Society acquaintance or following are availing themselves of the opportunity of helping the deserving causes of the unfortunate refugees from the Transvaal and Natal, or the Soldiers' Wives and Families Funds. Mrs. Brown Potter's *thé concert* was a great success; two guineas a head was the average cost of afternoon tea, and while the little programme was priced at five shillings, it frequently sold for a far larger sum. No less than £1600 was realised in the afternoon; it goes to the American Ladies' Hospital Ship. Miss Ellaline Terriss is arranging a concert and entertainment, and Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Tree, Mr. Wyndham, and very many other members of "the profession" have all been helping to gather money for these war funds from the wealthy and generous.

As human nature "never is but always to be blest," it is not surprising to find that several ladies are as earnest in their regrets on the withdrawal of the muzzling order as erst they or some others just like them were about its enforcement. The comfort of taking one's little pet out to walk with full assurance that some great, ferocious, evil-natured beast cannot eat it up, because the ferocious one as well as his possible victim must be muzzled, is a joy that is only being appreciated now that it is lost. Nor is the point of view of the owner of the ferocious (etc.) beast quite different. I once had an awful bull-terrier. Anything milder and meeker than the dog at home you cannot imagine—perfectly slavish, timid submissiveness was his chief characteristic. But take him into the company of another dog, and even his meekness to his "missis" disappeared under the imperative need he experienced of lording it over his own race. How

many an awful moment have I had standing by while he mauled some other unfortunate, till the happy days of muzzles all round came in! The strange thing was that he had all the art of a diplomatist—as understood nowadays; he always made the other dog appear to begin the war. I know he really was responsible, for there was a certain evil cock of his tail that has often been the first intimation I have had of the advent of another dog on the horizon. But he used to go up to the intended object of his warlike propensities and say something so insulting that the other one, however quiet-tempered, would simply *have* to give a snap and growl about it, then mine would pretend that *he* must wipe out the insult! He is dead now, but I understand the case of the "savage" mild-as-milk dog's owner

There will be an epidemic of actresses playing young men's parts if Sarah Bernhardt's second venture succeeds as well as her Hamlet. She is about to appear as the young Duke of Reichstadt, the son of the First Napoleon by Marie Louise of Austria, who died in his teens. Madame Bernhardt has visited the palace near Vienna in which the young Prince lived, and in which the scene of the play will be laid. During her visit to Vienna she appeared as Hamlet.

It is found that the male teachers under the London School Board are more ambitious than the female ones in continuing their own education; for 116 men and only six women teachers hold a University degree. A committee, with energetic Miss Honnor Morten, M.L.S.B., has been formed to organise classes for preparing the women teachers for the London University degree examinations. One reason why the women stand inferior to the men is, I believe, the time occupied in preparing the needlework by the former out of school hours. Another is, no doubt, the greater share of domestic work that naturally falls on them.

In the late Miss Eliza Wigham, who has died at the age of seventy-nine, there has passed away one of the most steady and untiring workers for every good cause that old Edinburgh possessed. With her sister "Friends" in Edinburgh, Mrs. Priscilla Bright McLaren and Mrs. Nichol, she long did incalculable service in leading thought and action. The support given in this country to the



THE NEW PLEATED STITCHED SKIRT.

than four thousand a year, I imagine that an eighth of the total income for all purposes of a family will be rather beyond the proportion that will be allotted to the wife's finery by the "common-sense of most." But if you do but look at the question from another point of view—why, £160 is a paltry pittance! Do consider that a good tailor dress from Bond Street will cost one £10 to £18, and a decent evening frock must be, even if simple to the utmost, £15 to £20, and, of course, one needs annually at least half-a-dozen of the first and four of the full-dress sort of frocks; then come the out-door wraps, the winter furs and summer visites; and then there are still to be found fête and visiting gowns, and tea-gowns, and hats, and petticoats, and boots, and corsets, and all the infinity of costly tiny things, such as veils, and gloves, and *pastiches*, and *mouchoirs*—dear, dear! no wonder a poor young woman runs into debt when she has to keep up the pace on so trifling an allowance as £160! And no wonder that men are afraid of marriage!

The trouble is that our society is composed of people of such very unequal means—that the wives of poor younger sons have to compete with the wives of South African millionaires in "smartness." It is the old fable of the (financially) earthen pot and the brass pots going down the stream together, exemplified in our society every day. Why will not lovely young women of rank content themselves with their beauty and position, and dispense mere vulgar expenditure? Till that happy degree of common-sense become the fashion, younger sons should not marry girls who are noted beauties; or to express the same great lesson differently, girls who have no higher source of self-respect and happiness than smart dress and lavish display, should not marry younger sons. A woman who orders dress she has no means of paying for clothes herself at the expense of her tradesman—surely more unladylike than going dowdy, if the choice lies there. But, after all, some of the smartest of great ladies are not at all extravagant in dress. In fact, the Princesses set an excellent example in the matter. Everyone who sees the Princess of Wales frequently knows that the perfect taste of her attire is not achieved or accompanied by the possession of an inordinate number of different costumes, and that H.R.H. does not scorn to wear a successful dress sometimes into a second year. Of course, one cannot deny that the temptation to extravagance in dress is strong, when one goes much into society, and sees around one such quantities of beautiful and beautifying things, all, alas! so costly. The changes



ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF THE NEWEST SKIRT.

American anti-slavery advocates, the medical education of women at Edinburgh University, and many allied "movements" had Miss Wigham for their honorary secretary or an active supporter. Miss Eliza Wigham was one of the few, even among the elder "Friends," who continued to wear always the old-fashioned Quaker dress, in which her very tiny figure and her sweet face looked really beautiful. About eighteen months ago she went to reside with relatives in Dublin, to be properly cared for in her old age, and on that occasion a great gathering of Edinburgh citizens presented her publicly with an address, to which she made a characteristic reply, saying that her chief verdict on her own life was that she had not made the best of her opportunities, and that her message to the young was that since, when we grow old, we can no longer run to work, a timely use should be made of every earlier opportunity for doing good. FLORENA.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



THE BATTLE AT LOMBARD'S KOP ON OCTOBER 30: SIR GEORGE WHITE AND STAFF UNDER FIRE.



THE BATTLE OF RIETFontein: TRANSPORT IN THE FIELD.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



THE BATTLE OF RIETFontein: IN THE FIRING LINE.



WOUNDED BOER PRISONERS.



MAJOR DASHWOOD
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



CAPTAIN SAPIE
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



THE LATE LIEUTENANT BRINK
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



LIEUTENANT FISHBOURNE
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



LIEUTENANT RUSSELL
(3rd Grenadier Guards).



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHABRE
(3rd Grenadier Guards).



THE LATE CAPTAIN EAGAR
(1st Northumberland Fusiliers).



LIEUTENANT THE HON. C. WILLOUGHBY
(1st Coldstream Guards).



THE LATE SERGEANT E. COLVILLE
(Natal Carbineers).



LIEUTENANT FESTING
(Northumberland Fusiliers).



THE LATE LIEUTENANT W. J. CLAPHAM
(Natal Mounted Rifles, the first Volunteer killed).



SERGEANT H. POWELL
(2nd Gordon Highlanders).

OFFICERS AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS KILLED AND WOUNDED.



AMBULANCE AT WORK.

Photograph (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. C. Lynch.



AN INCIDENT AT ELANDSLAAGTE: A VETERINARY CORPORAL OF THE 5TH LANCERS SPEARING TWO BOERS WITH ONE THRUST.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. G. LYNCH.

One of the Boers stood firing until the cavalry were within twenty yards. He then jumped up behind another and the British Corporal ran both through. The Lancer, who could not withdraw his lance, was shortly afterwards killed.



MELTON PRIOR'S SKETCH OF THE BATTLE AT LADYSMITH ON OCTOBER 30.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF THE DEVONSHIRES CAN FINDING



ESCORT OF BOER PRISONERS.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.



TROOPS, WAGONS, AND FIELD HOSPITAL UNDER FIRE.



GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE AND STAFF DURING THE ACTION AT LOMBARD'S KOP.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE FRONT.

Photographs (enlarged) taken by our Special Correspondent, Mr. G. Lynch.

AMBULANCE SERVICE.

Care for the wounded has become more and more the hall-mark of modern military campaigns. Those who compare the comparative unpreparedness of our arrangements in the Crimea for the proper treatment of the wounded or the cholera-stricken with the efforts made to-day for the comfort and the healing of the stricken soldier, may well recognise in it the growth of philanthropic feeling in the world. Never before now have such large sums been collected in so short a time for the relief of all suffering, of all inconvenience even, produced by the conflict between Britain and Boer. In the names of the families left behind by soldiers gone to South Africa immense sums have been raised; and the succour of the wounded soldier himself has become the personal affair of nearly every woman in the three kingdoms, following the example of the Queen herself and of the Princess of Wales, whose hospital-ship will do much to ameliorate the sufferings of the sick and the maimed. Of the splendid medical and nursing staff at the seat of war we have already spoken in these columns; and of the need that exists for them the long lists of the gallant wounded speak only too eloquently. The whole machinery is now in full working order, and already our Artists are beginning to send pictures of episodes in its humane working. Most creditable



AMBULANCE WORK ON THE BATTLEFIELD, RIETPONTAIN.

to the heart of the nation was the announcement made the other day in the public prints that absolutely no more gifts were required by the Red Cross Organisation. Persons who contemplated sending contributions in kind were recommended to send instead gifts of money, which would prove most opportune for the purpose of forwarding to the front the material already received. A remarkable feature of the movement has been the magnitude of individual presents. The good people of Chislehurst, for example, sent four vanloads of groceries and wines, while the Countess of Bradford's Guild sent 1600 sleeping-suits. One lady, thoughtful of detail, sent a collection of bed-ropes, carrying sheets, and bed-arches, which was all the more welcome that no one had thought of a similar contribution. Another donor sent a great number of slips of carpet to lay alongside the hospital cots. Princesses Margaret and Patricia of Connaught have sent a parcel of clothing, and among the stores of the hospital-ship *Princess of Wales* are cases innumerable of beef essences, spirits, aerated waters, jellies, and game. On tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes three hundred pounds were spent, and with these went 2000 clay pipes. Both pipes and cigarettes were marked with the Red Cross. In mentioning our hospital-ships on the South African Coast, we must remember the *Maine*, which was equipped by American women in London.



THE BATTLE OF RIETPONTAIN.—WITH THE ARTILLERY: A FIELD-GUN IN ACTION.

THE TRANSVAAL WAR: SCENES AT THE SEAT OF OPERATIONS.



1. Queenstown from Howkers Kop. 2. Cathcart Road, the Town Hall and Post-Office. 3. Lessington Drift. 4. Komani River. 5. Slepstone Street.

QUEENSTOWN, CAPE COLONY, THE POINT OF ASSEMBLY FOR GENERAL CATACRE'S FORCE.

From Photographs supplied by Mr. A. H. Butcher, Queenstown.



THE TRANSVAAL WAR—THE BATTLE OF BLANDSLAAGTE: TENDING THE WOUNDED ON THE FIELD.

Facsimile Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

BOOKS TO READ.

LONDON: Nov. 28, 1899.

Three books of imagination stand at my elbow, new books, good books, written by men who really have something to say, and who have their own pertinacious, pointed, or pretty way of saying it. Reading them, the old wonder at the diversity of the creative mind returns. Here are three men, living at the same time, seeing the same sights, reading the same books, scanning the same newspapers, probably knowing each other; and their books have nothing in common but the chance that they are published in the same week. They are Mr. Zangwill, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Mr. Zangwill, as all the world knows, is a Jew, and probably the fundamental feeling of his temperament is his exotic interest in the spiritual history of the Hebrew nation. He gazes at the spectacle, without illusions, without mockery, using his knowledge as a background for the setting forth of the struggles of his characters, usually of the poorer class, against circumstance. The Jew is his prepossession; not the bouncing merchant, the genial financier, or his bejewelled women-folk, but the dreamer, the mystic, the broken in spirit. Some of the stories in this volume, "They That Walk in Darkness" (Heinemann), which is a rearrangement with additions of his "Ghetto Tragedies," have a pathos and a poignancy that go straight to the heart, convincing one that Mr. Zangwill has something of real greatness in him, something of the quality that went to the making of "Scenes from Clerical Life." But Mr. Zangwill also has, to his hurt, an incurable flippancy that obtrudes itself in the most unlikely places. It seems incredible, some giant misprint, till one remembers the other sides of Mr. Zangwill's temperament—his puns, his jocular speeches, his editorship of a comic newspaper. But apart from these lapses, the stories in this volume are an achievement. I have heard "They That Walk in Darkness"—the short life-history of a wonder-child who became blind—spoken of as one of the finest short stories of modern times. It is a moving sketch, but not better, I think, than another story in the volume called "The Keeper of Conscience." In the midst of a vulgar, but imitatively drawn Jewish family, where vice, selfishness, but breeding, and ostentation are rampant, the youngest daughter flowers and flits unspoiled through the pages. Her path is picked through her sordid surroundings in a way that compels the highest admiration for Mr. Zangwill's talent.

Mr. H. G. Wells rarely concerns himself with humanity. He is not interested in people. His concern is with the type. He roams into space, he looks back 50,000 years, he gazes into the centuries that are to come, and to those tremendous considerations he brings a boundless imagination governed and controlled by the rigorous discipline of the scientist. He describes the impossible with the edifice of detail that an accountant gives to a balance-sheet. His stories stream from his brain like the web from a spider. He wastes nothing. There is husbandry in the method of the author of "The War of the Worlds" and "When the Sleeper Wakes." While he was writing those remarkable tales bright little ideas branched out from the main theme, not usable at the time, but too good to be lost. No doubt they were noted, and utilised for this volume, "Tales of Space and Time" (Harper). Very readable they are, and unlike any other work that is being produced now. Between two of the tales there is an interval of something like sixty thousand years, one being a romance of the Stone Age, the other of the twenty-second century, the motive being the effect upon man and his mate of the economic conditions of their environment. The tales may depress you, may frighten you, but they always fascinate. Mr. Wells never makes the mistake of laughing at the extravagance of the fare he provides. The more spiced and strange the dish, the more care he takes to assure you it is eatable. This remarkable quality of his talent was never more clearly shown than in the story called "The Star." He describes the sudden appearance in the heavens of a new planet, its collision with Neptune, and its fall into the sun with terrible consequences. The plot in skeleton is such as many might have devised, but only Mr. Wells could describe the slow effect of awful fear on mankind, built gradually up page by page, and the final terror and feeling of helplessness that seized the world as this glowing menace of the heavens grew larger and larger, and drew nearer and nearer to the earth. The whole thing is done in a few pages. I read them breathlessly, and—and well, it was a relief to find myself in my familiar room, and to observe that the orderly stars were gleaming comfortably in their proper places.

Much as I delight in Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch's writings, I am conscious of a feeling of annoyance when I consider his case, because I can find no answer to the question, "Why are you not a better novelist than you are?" He seems always on the verge of writing a very fine book. We find detached sparkling passages of rare insight, good workmanship, clean characterisation, charm; and yet we never seem to come to the play itself. The programme, the overture, the first act, are all excellent, and we sit through to the end patiently conscious that we are having rather an agreeable time. But the fall of the curtain leaves us still expectant. Such thoughts were mine in reading "The Ship of Stars" (Cassell). It is quaint, ingenious, delicate, pathetic, but no more. The theme is one that has often appealed to novelists—the boyhood and youth

of a man of genius. Taffy and Honoria as children, and the little local life of the Duchy, are touched off delightfully, but somehow the story does not seem to come to anything. The child Honoria does not develop into the woman she promised to be; and Taffy, the dreaming boy, the born story-teller, becomes a man of iron will who builds a lighthouse. We are left with the feeling that the careers of Honoria and Taffy are really but begun. I hope I have not written ungraciously about a pleasant book. It is because Mr. Quiller-Couch does his by-the-way incidents and episodes so well that I feel disappointed when the story itself does not march along to success. Perhaps this means that Mr. Quiller-Couch's *métier* lies really in the making of little boats of stories such as those with which he made his first success. All the same, I believe he may yet launch a battle-ship.

QUILL.

"The Sovereign Ladies of Europe." Edited by Countess A. von Bothmer. With 150 Illustrations. (Hutchinson and Co.)—Since Miss Agnes Strickland presented us with her charming studies of the Queens of England and Scotland, there has been no attempt to deal, in a similar way, with the interesting characters who in our day occupy the thrones of Europe. Desultory and isolated sketches there have been, but in the Countess von Bothmer the august ladies of Europe have a faithful chronicler for the first time. In her pen-portraits and graphic descriptions of the daily life of these high-placed dames there is sympathetic treatment and an exactitude which shows both knowledge of the subject and enthusiasm. Our own beloved Sovereign, in her "Leaves from Our Journal in the Highlands," has depicted in charming language her happy married life, as well as the desolation which befell her through the death of the beloved Prince Consort. No chronicler can hope to surpass these records of the home life of our Queen, who, as Mrs. Browning puts it, "wept to wear a crown," yet shed

THE BETTER SIDE OF FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Daniel O'Connell stopped the applewoman's abuse with one short phrase—"You are a parallelogram." Short of such a crushing and wonder-working sentence, it is very evident to me that England, and, least of all, the English Press, will not be able to arrest the torrent of vituperation by France and her journalists, and I, for one, am tired of recording all that silly vapouring and idiotic invective. When I read an indifferent or even an unpleasant book by a clever author, I always endeavour to remember the good work he has done. At the same time, I fight more shy of him afterwards, and until I hear from authoritative critics of his having redeemed his temporary lapse from his high estate, I do not read him again. Yet, I do not thrust the recollection of the pleasure he has afforded me altogether aside. There is no reason why one should not treat a nation in a manner similar to that applied to eminent writers, artists, musicians, and, for the matter of that, to eminent statesmen. Free Trade has not been an unmixed blessing to us; yet, who would willingly efface from the history of the nineteenth century the names of Richard Cobden, John Bright, and Michel Chevalier? And has not the most inveterate Protectionist some patience with the abuse of their latter-day disciples when they air their somewhat obsolete principles, and call their politico-economic adversaries names?

One might prolong the argument, but it needs little or no demonstration. Gratitude for past favours is a much more generous sentiment than gratitude "for favours to come," and as such, much, though not everything, may be forgiven to the French. If it were possible to modify their hostile attitude to us by facts, we might point out that, but for us, some of the great men who worthily continue the immortal traditions of French art at present would have been laid under the turf before they were able to give an earnest of their supremacy. Nearly a fortnight ago Dalou's magnificent statue of "The Republic" was unveiled on the Place de la Nation. Dalou sought refuge among us after the Commune. It was not only freely and ungrudgingly given to him and his more obscure misguided brethren whom we endeavoured to assist, but the Duke of Westminster provided the young sculptor with a commission that enabled him to live "until better times should dawn." M. Camille Barrère and his two brothers were honoured guests among us; so was M. Paschal Grousset, M. Grousset is at present a Deputy. He wrote an excellent and kindly book about England, and since his return to France has always tried to befriend individual Englishmen. I, for one, owe him a debt of gratitude I willingly acknowledge. Emile Barrère is dead; his brother Albert is French master at the Military Academy at Woolwich; Camille is the representative of the Third Republic at Rome.

One cannot help the ingratitude of Henri Rochefort and Prince Henri d'Orléans. The utmost one can attempt is to avoid their example; and whatever kindness we have extended, and may hope to extend, to Frenchmen will not balance, let alone cancel, the debt of gratitude we owe to them for the enjoyment their capital has afforded us, for the artistic delight Frenchmen like Sardou, Gounod, Bizet, Doré, Meissonier, Millet, Lecocq, and a dozen others have during the last half a century provided for us. It is to a Frenchman we owe the Suez Canal; it is a Frenchman who left us a ray of hope in the most terrible of all visitations: I am alluding to Pasteur. In short, whether we look to our pleasures in literature, the drama, painting, or science, this or that French name will crop up as our creditor. During the last twelve months the name of the elder Dumas has not been absent from our playbills. It is still to the fore at the Haymarket Theatre. Alphonse de Neuville painted "Rorke's Drift" for us; to Doré and Tissot we owe some of the most poignant scenes of the life of Christ.

And the good gifts are not at an end. The coming year will provide us with more. Hitherto Rostand's masterpiece, "Cyrano de Bergerac" has been only available to the better educated. Mr. Charles Wyndham is to bring it within the ken of non-polyglott audiences. Next season we shall also probably hear Hector Berlioz's "Prise de Troie" either at the Opéra in Paris, where it has been produced with enormous success, or at Covent Garden, whither it will be transported. M. Abel Hermant's "Faubourg," which saw the footlights at the Vaudeville in Paris a week ago, will no doubt come to us in an English translation.

This is our pleasant debt to Paris, to which I gladly draw attention. There is at Windsor Castle a picture by Meissonier, called "La Rixe" (The Quarrel). It was given to the Queen's Consort by the late Emperor of the French forty-five years ago. It has proved the joy of countless admirers, who, forgetting the subject, simply stand enthralled at the art and skill displayed by the painter. That is how I would have Englishmen look at "the quarrel" the French are trying to fasten upon us. The latter are perhaps as serious as was Meissonier when he painted the canvas, but their seriousness may be due to their anxiety to show their aptitude at assuming most difficult contentions. They would probably not like to be taken at their word in a real quarrel. At least, so said M. Delcassé, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. But hands off our Queen, Messieurs!



SHIPPING MULES AT NEW ORLEANS FOR WAR SERVICE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY MR. F. MOORE, NEW ORLEANS.

The "Montezuma" carried 3029 mules, the largest cargo of live stock ever put to sea.

upon the diadem a lustre which can never be effaced. There is, therefore, little that is new in the Countess's sketch of her Majesty. The German Empress, on the other hand, lives before one in these pages as the ideal of German wifehood. In her case, the "fiery light that beats about a throne" reveals a lady, kindly, friendly, and hospitable, but withal frugal to a fault—even to the extent, we are told, of altering the clothes of the elder Princes in order that they may fit the younger children! It is to be hoped that the young, extravagant, and "dresy" Queen of Holland will learn a lesson in economy from the German Empress, who causes her Court gowns to be altered beyond recognition in order that she may ewar them again and waste nothing! There are other royal ladies who flit past us in panoramic view—the Empress Frederick, beloved of Englishmen as a Princess richly endowed with no small share of strong common-sense, kindly and womanly as her august mother; there is the ill-fated, fascinating Austrian Empress, who again lives in this tragic story of her "will-o'-the-wisp" career. The maternally Queen of Portugal, it seems, carries on a vigorous campaign against tight-lacing, and, after an original and amusing method, seeks to appal delinquents by presenting them with photographs of their own distorted and compressed interior organisms as exhibited by the Röntgen rays! We have the gifted "Carmen Sylva" and the beautiful athletic Queen of Italy dealt with in living and loving phrase. But perhaps within the covers of this sumptuous volume there is no story which presents such startling contrasts as that of the granddaughter of our Queen. The childhood of the Empress of Russia was spent amid the penuriousness of the Court of Hesse, and we can picture the little Princess fretting because she could not attend a romping children's party owing to her best frock being spoilt! Now we see the same child developed into beautiful and voluptuous womanhood as the consort of the head of the House of Romanoff, yet who, amid all the splendours of the glorious Court of the Czars, prefers the austere simplicity of her father's poor home. The story of her home life is that of a loving, homely couple, surrounded by a magnificence which cannot be described. The book may, indeed, be declared a truly sumptuous volume, and it reflects credit upon editor and publishers.



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- 2 SHERRY, Gonzalez' Light, Medium Sweet.
- 1 WHISKY (Scotch), "Trafalgar."
- 1 WHISKY (Irish), Perse's, 7 years old.
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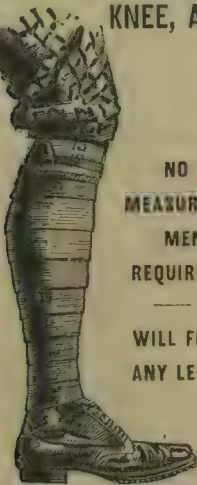
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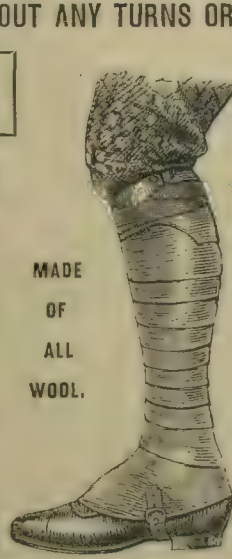
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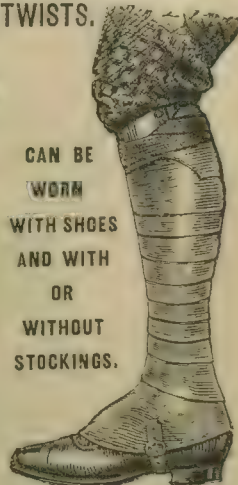
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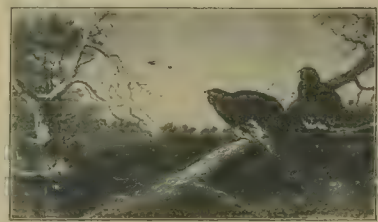
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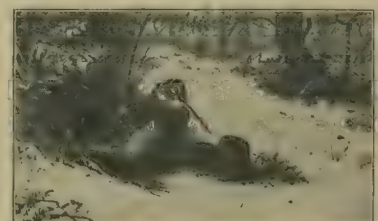
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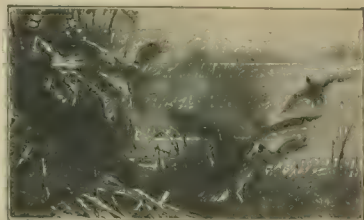
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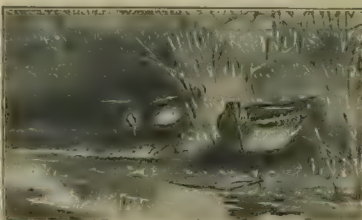
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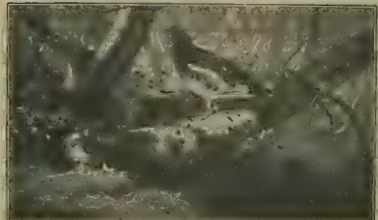
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THE BRITISH CALICO-PRINTING INDUSTRY.

ANNUAL EXPORTS, £10,444,000!

An amalgamation of British calico-printers is the commercial feature of the day—a "combine" with a share capital of £6,000,000, and power to issue mortgage debenture stock amounting to £2,000,000. As by its magnitude and its capacity for development the business of calico-printing is undoubtedly one of the most important of our textile industries, some details connected with the manufacture, obtained by a personal visit to several of the works, will be found of general interest at the present moment.

Pliny, in his "Natural History," records that this industry was known and practised in Egypt in the first century. The art appears to have had its origin in India, and to have made its way thence to the land of the Pharaohs. Somewhere about the end of the seventeenth century we find that calico-printing became known to Europe, the Dutch East India Company doubtless carrying its secrets to the Low Countries. The art is next heard of in this country, the year 1676 witnessing its introduction to the vicinity of the Metropolis; and about 1733 it seems to have taken firm root in and around Glasgow. The date of the introduction of calico-printing into its chief centre, Lancashire, is believed to be 1764; and, according to the late Mr. Benjamin Hargreaves, a calico-printer of note, the industry was first practised in that part of the kingdom by Messrs. Clayton, of Lamber Bridge, near Preston. The father of the "great" Sir Robert Peel started calico-printing in the north-eastern part of Lancashire about the year 1770; and it may not be uninteresting to point out that Messrs. Peel's works were first at Brookside, a village near Blackburn, and later at Church, close to Brookside. About the same time the Peels began printing on an extensive scale at Sawley, near Clitheroe, at Burnley, and at Foxhill Bank, near Church. Offshoots of Church were the print-works at Saddington and Primrose, near Clitheroe, Sunnyside, Oakenshaw, and Broad Oak, near Accrington. Steam-power, although first applied to calico-printing towards the end of the last century, soon after the application of the engraved copper roller, or machine-printing, was not very much used until 1816, previous to which the machinery was driven by water. Until the "thirties" printing in this country was mainly confined to cotton fabrics. The French were the first to print on *mousseline de laine*, or a mixture-cloth of wool and cotton; and about 1836 this branch of the business spread to England. The first practical printing-machine using copper rollers and "doctors" (*i.e.*, blades) for scraping off surplus colour was probably that of Thomas Bell, under a patent dated July 17, 1783. This machine was first put to work at Preston, at the works of Livesey, Hargreaves, and Co., in 1785. Whether, however, it was a practical success may reasonably be doubted. Probably the introduction of machine-printing in this country as a practical industrial art dates from the beginning of this century—say about 1815.

It will give some idea of the extent of the English and Scotch calico-printing industry if we state that its products are to be seen in almost every drapery shop and bazaar in the world. It is an education to glance through the scores of bulky pattern-books ranged in many rows in the warehouse of each firm, and to note the various classes of goods demanded by each "market." India, China, Japan, Persia, Turkey, South America, Egypt, Africa, Java, and other countries, all require different styles; but the designers are equal to the demands on their inventive powers, with the result that the combinations of colour and form

are numbered by thousands. What appeals to the æsthetic taste of the Japanese would be caviare to the subjects of the Shah, and the ladies of Buenos Ayres and Monte Video might view askance the fabrics which command a ready sale in India and China.

The term "calico-printing" conveys to the general public a totally inadequate idea of the vast scope of the business. "Calico-printing" includes all kinds of printed

Germanisation of Alsace, the seat of the industry, quite erroneously, spoken of as "French prints"); nor must we forget those "mercerised" fabrics which, although of cotton, very closely resemble silk. This extensive industry is located mainly in the neighbourhood of Manchester and the vicinity of Glasgow. It is no exaggeration to say that every man, woman, boy, and girl throughout the world is, in a greater or lesser degree, indebted to the calico-printer

either for some article of wearing apparel or some adornment of the home. Where do all those smart dresses and fascinating blouses come from if not from these calico-printing manufactories in Lancashire and Scotland? From the same source come the coloured shirts worn alike by prince and peasant, the neat print dresses of our domestics, and even the cotton pocket-handkerchiefs which are turned out by the million. In the East men are largely dependent on the calico-printer for their clothing. We look around our houses only to find that the window-blinds and the muslin curtains, the eider-down quilts, and the gay chintzes which cover our

furniture have a common origin—those huge factories which nestle in the lovely valleys of the North, unseen and unthought of by the great world, the bulk of whose denizens are dependent upon the busy toilers for so many of the luxurious adornments and comforts, and what have even become the necessities, of life.

To cross the threshold of one of these hives of industry is to realise the importance of the calico-printer as one of the world's universal providers—perhaps the one who is most essential to most people's happiness and comfort. The interiors of these manufactories excite our admiring wonder, and as we make a tour through the various departments, and note the endless processes undergone by what is technically known as the "cloth" before it is fit to adorn our figures and homes, it is easy to recognise both the vast extent of the trade and the enormous amount of the capital invested in it. Look at those rows of machines panting and throbbing as they impress miles of fabric with beautiful and multicoloured designs. Glance at the massive copper rollers whereon are engraved the patterns, designed with as much artistic care as is lavished on a canvas destined for Royal Academy or Salon. Observe that room after room—some of them larger than many churches and chapels we wot of—contains machinery for its own special purpose: here for bleaching, drying, steaming, and stentering (*i.e.*, stretching) the cloth—there for removing the nap, or loose threads, from the fabric before it is fit to print upon; for giving a silk-like sheen to it, for measuring it yard by yard, and even for folding it on flat boards or winding it round rollers, before despatching it on its way up and down the world. There are the engraving-rooms to enter before the visitor has completed his perambulation of one of these palaces of human industry of which we are proud in proportion as our knowledge of them increases. In these rooms a monastic silence prevails—you might almost fancy yourself in one of the corridors or cells of the Grande Chartreuse, where closely hooded figures glide noiselessly past you, never exchanging word or greeting with inmate or guest. The designs are engraved on the copper rollers in various ways—all too technical to warrant even the briefest description here. The task

of perpetuating these designs for the best and most expensive class of production calls for as much skill as is bestowed upon line engravings of the works of famous artists.

The rollers used by the calico-printer are very costly, made as they are either wholly of copper or occasionally of copper veneered on iron shells or cases: consequently a large stock of rollers represents many thousands of pounds—approaching £100,000 in some instances. It is not unimportant to note that, whereas, speaking generally, the



EXTERIOR VIEW OF A CALICO-PRINTING WORKS.

cotton fabrics—lawns, muslins, satens, brocades, and flannelettes. Then there are also these beautiful cretonnes, chintzes, and fancy prints (usually, and of course, since the



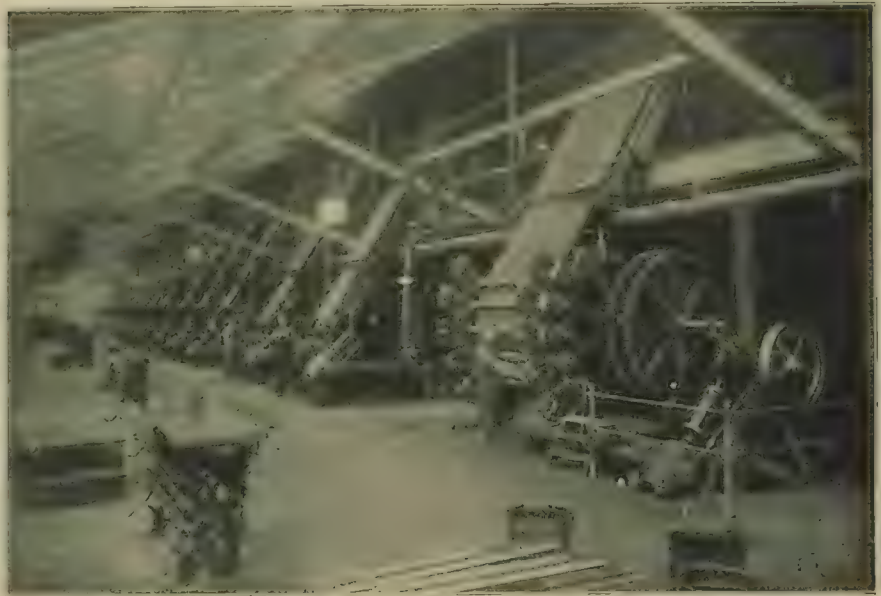
A ONE-COLOUR CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE FOR SHIRTING STYLES, DRIVEN BY ELECTRIC MOTOR.



CALICO-PRINTING MACHINES, DRIVEN BY ELECTRIC MOTOR.

ordinary, or Caxtonian, printer has not yet found it possible to employ more than one colour at a time, the calico-printer has long gone considerably more than "one better," for everywhere we see several colours being printed at once, while in some of the larger establishments are to be found reversible machines printing sixteen colours simultaneously—that is, eight colours on each side of the fabric—and in exact "register," a term implying complete accuracy of printing, no colours overlapping or running into the others. It is one of the ten-colour machines which is illustrated on this page. All the processes of calico-printing have their fascinating sides; but there is no more wondrous, if slightly bewildering, spectacle than that presented by forty or fifty machines in full work, producing innumerable "lengths" of artistic fabrics—sateens, chintzes, muslins, and the rest, some for home use, and more—much more—destined for transmission to the uttermost parts of the earth, where, despite heavy protective duties, the beautiful and wondrously varied productions of our calico-printers are welcomed with increasing appreciation.

The visitor who desires to interrogate his obliging cicerone on any points in the various processes of calico-printing should do so when he is being conducted over the leviathan warehouses, for at the works themselves a sustained conversation is next to impossible, owing to the clatter of machinery, save in the quiet engraving-rooms, where one hesitates to speak above a whisper. It is a characteristic of these northern seats of labour that the work seems to proceed with a minimum of verbal instruction or explanation. There is a serious gravity on all the countenances, from the highly skilled (and highly paid) engravers and printers down to the boys and girls who are already bread-winners, and you may really walk through one "works" after another without hearing a word spoken save by your guide. There is one department, indeed, in which



IN A CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE-ROOM.



INTERIOR OF A BLEACHWORKS.

even the shouting of a leather-lunged Boanerges would be futile; it is known by the innocent title of the "beetling"-room. A fearful and wonderful process is "beetling," suggestive of an invisible and infuriated Paderewski pounding away at the keys with the fell intent of driving his next-door neighbour into a lunatic asylum. "Beetling," however, has its particular value, the series of hammers, or keys, or whatever their right designation may be, pummeling the finished goods—sateen and mercerised fabrics—until an additional gloss appears upon them; but the din would suffice to have aroused the Seven Sleepers from their lethargic slumbers, and to have kept them awake for ever! "Beetling," however, appears to be the exception rather than the rule.

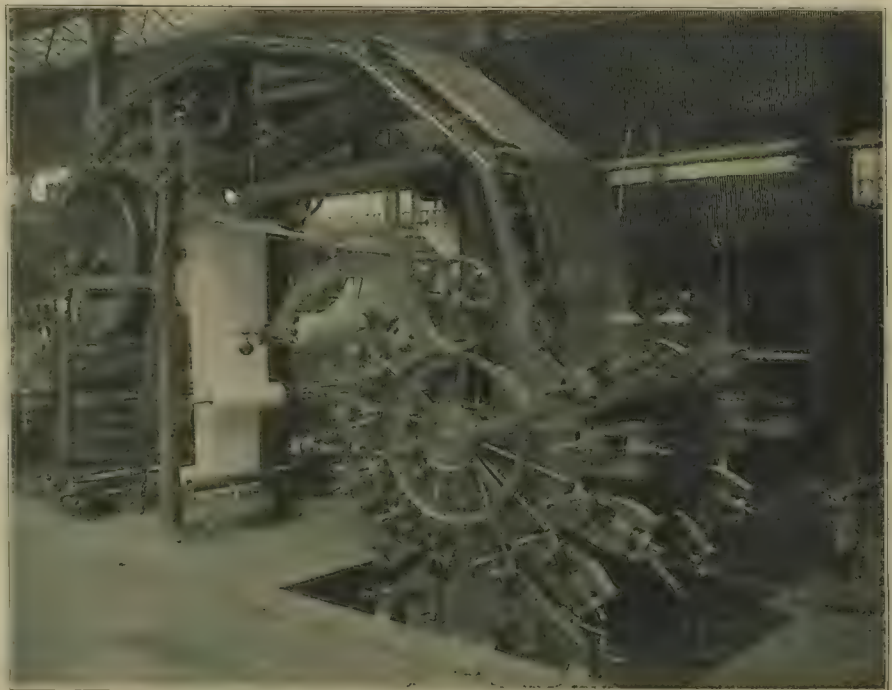
In the majority of cases the fabric—the "cloth"—is received by the calico-printers from the mills in its unbleached state; "in the grey," as it is called. Certain firms, however, buy the raw cotton and put it through all the processes of spinning, weaving, bleaching, dyeing, printing, embossing, and mercerising, plus the numerous washings, steamings, and dryings which all the cotton fabrics undergo. Embossing is, perhaps, only done by one or two firms, its object is to add an extra attraction to the material, more especially to livings and dyed sateens. This process is alternatively known as electric finishing, and it is even claimed for it by some that cotton goods so treated—and it may be added that any pattern can be embossed on the "cloth"—have a more silk-like appearance than those which are mercerised.

A few figures, dealing not only with the amalgamated firms, but with the trade as a whole, will help the reader to a clear understanding of the position of this enormous British industry. During the last five years (we quote from the Board of Trade returns) the exports of prints have on an average amounted to the gigantic total of 977,000,000 yards, valued at £10,414,000 per annum. What these figures mean will perhaps be better realised if we state that every year there is exported from the United Kingdom a length of printed calico sufficient to go a score of times round the world! As regards the enormous home trade, unfortunately no accurate figures

are obtainable. It is estimated that at least 20,000 persons are engaged in the calico-printing trade. Not less than half a million tons of coal are annually burnt in the manufactories. Very large quantities of water, of good quality, are required, and probably in all some forty or fifty million gallons are used daily at the various works—a startling quantity when it is remembered that the average daily consumption of Manchester, including Salford and the surrounding districts, is about thirty-two and a half million gallons.

As in the dyeing trade, chemistry plays a leading part in calico-printing, and of a very curious character are many of the substances employed. Castor-oil, for instance, is a powerful agent in the fixing and brightening of various colours; indeed, it is so largely in demand that certain firms each use as much as 100 tons of it yearly.

At a time when foreign competition is the bugbear of so many branches of our commerce, it is satisfactory to be assured that, in respect of neutral markets, it is a "negligible quantity" as regards the calico-printing industry. Wherever our calico-printers have a fair field they can easily hold their own. In the home trade the importation of foreign prints has largely decreased during the last ten years; and it is gratifying to our patriotism to know that whereas formerly "French prints" (as they were accurately termed prior to the Germanisation of Alsace, the seat of the industry in those parts) were imported to a considerable extent, the great majority of them are now produced in England or Scotland. It is interesting to know that one Lancashire firm at least has established a manufactory in France, and there, by means of English capital and under English superintendence, produces goods which are sent out to compete on equal terms with those of France.



TEN-COLOUR CALICO-PRINTING MACHINE.



MENTIONED IN THE PAPERS.

T H E T R A N S V A A L W A R .



MAJOR H. C. CRESS, D.S.O.
(1st Gloucestershire Regiment, Prisoner).



COMMANDER F. MORGAN
(H.M.S. *Tartar*).



LIEUTENANT A. M. PERREAU
(53rd Battery Royal Field Artillery, Wounded).



COLONEL ROYSTON
(Natal Volunteers).



MAJOR G. E. BENSON
(Royal Field Artillery, on Special Service).



LIEUTENANT ALAN BRYANT
(1st Gloucestershire Regiment, Prisoner).



LIEUTENANT ROBERT LONGFIELD BEASLEY
(Prisoner).

P O R T R A I T S O F O F F I C E R S , N A V A L A N D M I L I T A R Y .



UNDER COVER: "LONG TOM" FIRING FROM PEPPWORTH'S KOP, OCTOBER 29.

PHOTOGRAPH (ENLARGED) TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT, MR. G. LYNCH.

The smoke of the Boers' big gun is visible on the distant ridge.

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"QUEEN'S" PLATE
AND
SOLID SILVER
FOR
XMAS PRESENTS.

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(Established 1810)

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ACTUAL MANUFACTURERS,
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"Queen's" Plate Afternoon Tea-Set complete, as illustrated.
Doulton China Cups and Saucers, £4 4s.

XMAS
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SPECIAL
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POST
FREE.



(Regd. Design, 286034.)
6 in., £4; 8 in., £6; 10 in., £9; 12 in., £13 10s.;
14 in., £20.

A Magnificent
Stock.

INSPECTION
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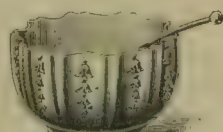


Newly Chased and Fluted Biscuit Plate, 10 in., £12 10s. 6d. complete.
New Design, "Queen's" Plate, £3 3s.; Solid Silver, £7 10s.

XMAS PRESENTS
AT
MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.



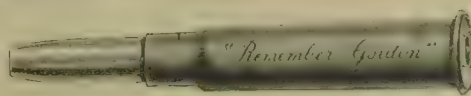
Black Forest Spirit-Bottle.
Randy Chased Solid Silver Mounts.
4-pint. 1-pint. 11-pint.
£1 10s. £1 15s. £2 0s. 6d.



"Queen's" Plate Sugar-Basin,
Chased and Fluted, with Sifter, 15s. 6d.

THE "KHARTOUM" PENCIL.

Adapted to actual Cartridges used by the
BRITISH TROOPS at OMDURMAN, obtained
by PERMISSION OF THE SIRDAR.



Mappin Brothers

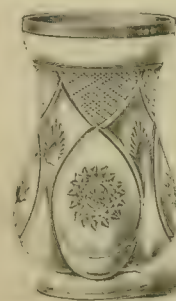
Funds of the Gordon Memorial College at Khartoum.

have the exclusive sale of these Pencils, and have
arranged to devote 10 per cent. of the value to the

PRICES: Metal Screw Action, 4 6 ... Metal Loop for Watch Chain, 1 3 ... Solid Gold and Platinum, 4 3.
Silver Ratchet Action, 10 6 ... Silver " " " 2 3 ... including Gold Loop.



"Queen's" Plate 4-Bottle
Luncheon Cruet,
£1 16s.



Solid Silver Mounted Ruby
Glass Bottle of Liquid
Stand, £1 2s. 6d.

NOTE ONLY ADDRESSES: 66, CHEAPSIDE, E.C. (Next Sir John Bennett's); 220, REGENT STREET, W., LONDON; & THE QUEEN'S WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

CHESS.

JEFF J. ALLEN (Calcutta).—If it has not been published we must have missed it, but then, if correct, shall certainly appear.

W. H. G. (Exeter).—We have tried the game, but the play on Black's part is too weak.

C. W. (Sunderland).—It seems quite correct now and good.

R. J. JOHNSON (St. John's Wood).—We are unable to say; you might write to the secretary.

E. J. WINTER WOOD.—Very good. It shall appear shortly.

S. P. DAVIS (Barnaby).—Unfortunately your problem is cooked by 1. P takes Kt, P takes Kt, 2. Q takes Kt. If B takes P, then 2. R to K sq (ch), and 3. either R or K mates.

Mrs. W. J. BARNES.—A very pleasing little problem.

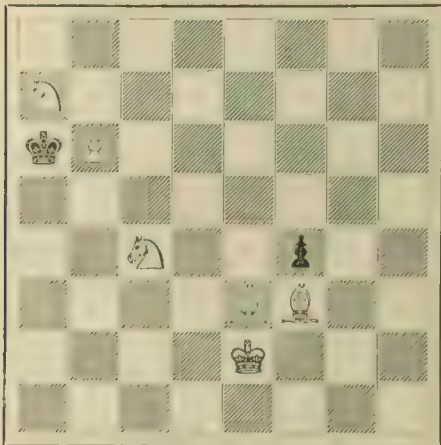
Captain J. A. CHALLICE.—Safely to hand, for which accept our thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2894 received from C. A. M. (Ponaz): of No. 2894 from R. Iwara Aiyar, B.A. (Puthenchandi), and C. A. M. (Ponaz); of No. 2895 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2896 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2897 from W. A. A. Barnard (Uppingham); of No. 2898 from J. Hasky (Newark); Emile Frau (Lyons), W. W. Temple (Harrogate), and J. Muxworthy (Hook).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2900 received from Blair H. Cochrane (Hertford), Ross A. Davis (Hampstead), B. Simuld Gordon (Kensington), J. Muxworthy (Hook), George Stirling-Johnson (Colham), F. J. Candy (Newwood), T. G. Ware, Rupert Rogers (St. John's), F. R. Pickering, Bruno Leet (Cologne), W. R. B. Clifton, J. P. Poulton, W. A. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Horward, P. Dally, E. J. Winter Wood, Julia Short (Ladock), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), W. Brazel (Swansea), F. J. S. (Hampstead), M. L. C. (Nunston), F. W. Moore (Brighton), F. A. H. Bath (Colyton), Sorrento, A. Arthur A. Chalmers, Rev. A. Mays (Belford), Shadforth, Edith Cosser (Hedgate), G. P. Hughes (Barnham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T. Roberts, F. Harrison (Liverpool), J. Mullington (York), E. Nugent (Southwold), H. Le Jeune, R. Sanderson (Crowthorne, Berks), Edward J. Sharpe, C. E. Perugini, A. S. G. Luckock (Stoke Newington), Frank Flowering (Kensington), R. Worters (Canterbury), Ian Inmaster E. P. Edwards (Shropshire Regiment), and Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth).

PROBLEM No. 2902.—By H. M. FIDRAUX.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2869.—By H. COURTNEY FOX.

WHITE.

1. K to K 2nd
2. P to B 8th (a Rook)
3. B takes P. Mate.

If Black play 1. K takes Kt, 2. P to B 8th (a Queen), and if 1. R to Q 4th, or 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Kt to Q 4th, 3. Kt or R mates accordingly.

BLACK.

- P to B 6th
- K takes Kt

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. P. W. SKELLY and R. C. GRIFFITH.

(Ruy Lopez).

WHITE (Mr. S.)

1. P to K 4th
2. K Kt to B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th
4. Castles
5. P to Q 4th
6. P takes P

BLACK (Mr. G.)

1. P to K 4th
2. Q Kt to B 3rd
3. Kt to B 3rd
4. Castles
5. P to Q 4th
6. P takes P

This is a departure from recognised lines, K to K sq being usual on Q to K 2nd. Players who depart from commonly accepted variations deserve to be complimented—especially if successful.

6. Castles

7. R to K sq

8. P to Q 4th

9. B to Q 4th

10. B to Q 5th

11. B to Kt 2nd

12. Kt to B 3rd

13. Kt to K 4th

WHITE (Mr. S.)

1. B takes B
2. P takes P
3. Kt to B 3rd
4. Kt to K 2nd
5. Kt to K 2nd
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100. Kt to K 2nd

BLACK (Mr. G.)

1. B takes B
2. P takes P
3. Kt to B 3rd
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A trap. If Q takes P, Black replies, we assume B to Kt 5th, and the exchange at least is won, as R to Q sq would cut off the Queen.

15. Q to Q 2nd

16. K Kt to Kt 5th

17. Q to K 3rd

18. Kt takes R P

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DIRECT FROM THE CROWERS.

IMMENSE SAVING! From the Choicest Gardens & Plantations. ENORMOUS DEMAND!
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Hosts of Private Customers
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In Millions of Homes,
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to the
Peasant's Cottage,
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"HOYUNE & ASSAM"
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Equal to Tea Retail at 1/6

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As Supplied to the House of
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Equal to Tea Retail at 2/8 to 3/-

Any quantity can be had, but 7, 10, 14, or 20 lb. packed in Canisters; 40, 65, or 100 lb. in Chests,
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Abroad will especially find it to their advantage to write for Samples and Foreign Price List, sent free.

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Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.



Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

The MEDICAL PRESS, including the "LANCET," "BRITISH
MEDICAL JOURNAL," and "MEDICAL ANNUAL," testifies to its

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275 GOLD MEDALS, &c.

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additional profit. Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa is sold only
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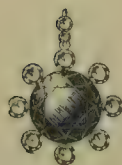
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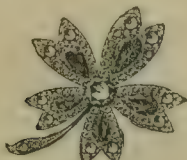
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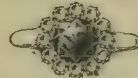
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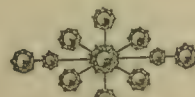
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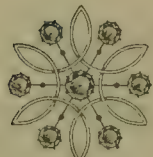
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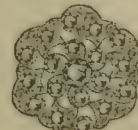
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upon trust, for his wife, Mrs. Annio Dowling, for life. At her decease he gives £1000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Persis Catherine Crossley; £1000 each, and until they shall marry £35 per annum each, to his daughters Zina Mary and Edith Lucy, and the ultimate residue between his children, except his son Edward John, who is already provided for.

The will (A. J. P., 13, 1599) of Mr. Hector Robert Graham Toler, J. P., D. L. (late 2nd Life Guards), of Durrow Abbey, Tullamore, King's County, who died at 29, Chester Street, on July 10, was proved on Nov. 17 by Hector John Gordon Rebow, Toler Roberts Garvey, junr., and Ralph Burch, the executors, the value of the estate being £31,644. The testator gives £400, certain wines and consumable stores, and the use of part of his household furniture to his wife, Mrs. Alice Caroline Dunbar Toler; £200 to his executors; and the gold and silver plate, furniture, pictures, and effects at Durrow Abbey to his son. He charges the settled family estates in King's County, Queen's County, Westmeath, and Tipperary with the payment of a jointure of £1000 to his wife during her widowhood, or of £400 should she again marry, and of £10,000 for his younger children. The residuo of his property he leaves between his children.

The will (dated May 2, 1894) of the Rev. John Troutbeck, M.A., Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and Canon and Precentor of Westminster Abbey, of 4, Dean's Yard,

The will (dated May 1, 1894), with two codicils (dated May 21, 1897, and Nov. 11, 1898), of Mr. John Thomas Abdy, LL.D., late County Court Judge of Essex, of 69, Cornwall Gardens, who died on Sept. 25, was proved on Nov. 18 by Richard Combe Abdy, the son, and Henry Calthrop Holloway Calthrop, the executors, the value of the estate being £11,416. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his daughters; his furniture and household effects to his daughters and his sons Richard Combe and Anthony John; and the gold cup, presented to Captain George Burlton by the merchants of Lloyds, to his son, Major Anthony John. The residue of his property he leaves as to one half to his son Richard Combe, and the other half, upon trust, for his son Robert Burlton.

The will of Vice-Admiral Richard Bradshaw, C.B., J.P., of The Grange, Steeple Aston, Oxon, who died on June 22, has been proved by Mrs. Emma Loveday Bradshaw, the

widow, and John Bulshaw, the son, the executors, the value of the estate being £1995.

The will and three codicils of Mr. Herbert Reid Lempriere, of The Croft, Wargrave, Berks, who died on Sept. 1, has been proved by Walter Edward Baskerville Walton, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £2257.

The will of Mr. Edmund Routledge, of Queen Ann's Mansions, St. James's Park, and of The Broadway, Ludgate Hill, who died on Aug. 25, was proved on Nov. 18 by Gerald Edmund Routledge, the son, one of the executors, the gross value of the estate being £10,011.

Referring to the report of the will of Mr. J. P. Thomas, appearing in our issue of Nov. 18, we are now informed that in addition to the estate in this country, valued at £173,725 9s. 8d., the deceased was possessed of property in India of the value of £197,841 15s.; and that the testator having, since the date of the codicil relating thereto, settled on his third daughter, Annie Pauline Clementina, 100,000 rupees on her marriage, that amount will have to be brought into account by her on the division of the residue.

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ABOUT DREAMS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I have come to the conclusion that dreams are rather to be considered a species of social nuisance than otherwise. They certainly disturb the lives of many worthy people, and upset the equanimity of persons who, in the ordinary affairs of life, are as sensible as any man could desire them to be. Viewed as portents and omens, dreams still hold a certain place in that folklore of to-day which represents, like the quill-pen in your club, a survival of the past. The astonishing part of the whole matter is that many otherwise strong-minded people "believe in dreams," as the saying goes. They are not contented with the scientific explanations of dreaming. For them the vision of the night is a message of occult kind, which may or may not presage coming events. What puzzles me about dream themes is the fact that the supporters of the superstitious side of things will not see the illogical nature of their position. Either all dreams must mean something, or they

all mean nothing. If you allow your opponents to pick and choose their dreams, you are lost in the argument.

I have heard people dilate with much readiness on the dream which portended a disaster. In such cases people are always wise "after the event." It is a case of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. Because you dreamt your friend died and he did die, is there anything more in the relationship of the two events than falls under the head of mere coincidence? In truth, coincidences far more wonderful than are represented by dreams that apparently now and then come true, are represented in our everyday waking life. We do not make a mystery of such a coincidence; why make a mystery of an analogous occurrence when it happens to relate to a dream and an event? The relationship, moreover, is not at all clear. If I dream about my friend and his disaster, what practical result or effect either on my friend or myself is the dream supposed to exert? If I wrote to warn my friend, I might be regarded as qualifying for admission to a lunatic asylum, and I should, moreover,

require to prove that my dream exactly corresponded in every detail of time and circumstance to his trouble. It is this exact correspondence which you rarely if ever obtain in your searchings into dream-evidences. The story of a dream is one which grows, like a snowball, by accretion.

A suspicious feature about most dream stories is the fact that they generally relate to past years, so that the possibility of verifying them is gone beyond recall. Apart from this fact, why should it be regarded as wonderful that some dreams should "come true." A mother is anxious about her son who is abroad. She is perpetually dreaming about his tiger-hunting exploits, and constantly reproduces, in her visions of the night, disasters to her boy. One day she is informed by letter that a casualty has happened—her son has been wounded by the carnivore. This fact is exploited as a proof of the truth of dream-warnings. The real wonder would have appeared if some of this lady's dreams had not been fulfilled. She is in the position of the man who, firing at a target with a machine-gun, is certain, some

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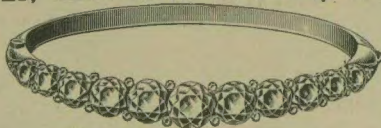
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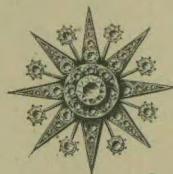
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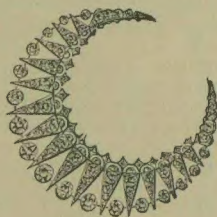
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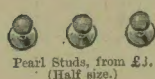
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time or other, to hit the bull's-eye. This is a natural expectation on the doctrine of chances, but it is not a result on which, surely, anybody can find a stable theory that between the phantasies of the brain and the events of life there should be any possible connection! If I dream about a black cat, my dream is scoffed at as a brain-absurdity. But why should not my sable feline figure forth as a portent equally with other visions that are believed to herald coming events?

This is the negative side of dreaming. The positive side is found in the assertion of the scientist that he knows what dreams are, and that in many cases he can trace their genesis. The other day I crossed from Stranraer to Larne. I started on my journey to Stranraer

in the train at the unearthly hour of four a.m. In the train I slept the sleep of the tired traveller. My bag beside me, with its boxes of lantern-lecture slides, is ever the object of solicitous care. I carry it myself because of the habit of the average railway porter to throw things about. In my sleep I dreamt that this bag had gone a-missing on board the steamer, that I was hunting up and down for it, and that my lectures of the coming week would be rendered null and void for lack of my slides. And when the train drew up at Stranraer I awoke to find my anxieties gone, and my bag safely reposing on the opposite seat.

This is a trivial dream, but its genesis is interesting. I have a constant anxiety over that bag, and as an ever

present thing with me, this anxiety formed a foundation whereon my lower brain-centres, having nothing better to do, built up the fabric of a dream. Now, on the portent theory, I should have trembled for the fate of that bag. Once, indeed, I had my slides smashed, but I was not warned in a dream of that calamity, or of the cabman who was responsible for a very bad half-hour on my part. And if not, why not? The fact is that our brain is apt to select the salient things of our life as the texts for dreams when it is not busy with the memories of the past. Dreams are not quite the phantasies of an "idle brain," but they are equally not the solemnities of an understanding mind. He who thinks dreams are more than reproductions (more or less distorted) of the events or thoughts of our waking lives, can only be recommended to invest in a dream-book.

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custom, "is it that you have come to take service
for Sir William Savile, who holds the town for His
Majesty?"

No—"with hesitation."
A King's man—I'd swear it!"
I cannot say."

Perchance, then, Master Digby Thirlwall is the
prentice?"—this with fine scorn.

No!"—emphatically.

Then, good Master Poppinjay, what is it that you

mean by this?"

No, you may say, I am a free man, and I am not

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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of Ossory and Ferns, speaking in London lately, dwelt on the gains and losses of Irish Disestablishment. The gains were that the Church had now power to order its own discipline, and that the laity were taking a distinct and definite interest in Christian work. In spite of the blow of Disestablishment, the Irish Church had prospered and was prospering. There were losses, however—the pecuniary loss, the loss of the independence of the clergy and also of their culture, and above all, the loss to the nation. Great social functions—for example, the institution of the Knights of St. Patrick—were now performed without any religious ceremony whatever.

Professor Mason, the Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, commenced by examining the historical foundation of the mediæval doctrine of purgatory. He traced back its origin in the West to a few hesitating remarks of St. Augustine, and showed how it was developed by the teaching of Gregory the Great, who relied on ghost stories for proof. He concluded that the doctrine is "a fond thing vainly invented."

So far as can be gathered from the Church papers, it seems as if the Ritualists were increasingly disposed to defy the Bishops. One journal says, "It cannot be forgotten that everything we have gained and secured has been gained by refusing to yield obedience where it was

not canonically enjoined." The question of the legality of the crucifix will come up in the pending case of the Church of the Annunciation, Brighton. The *Manchester Guardian*, which is well informed by an eminent layman of the High Church party, says "There is no question but that very extreme practices have prevailed in the Brighton Church."

Sir J. W. Dawson, the eminent Canadian geologist, has died. He was a Presbyterian of the old school, and strongly opposed to all theories of evolution, holding that men first appeared on the earth not more than six or eight thousand years ago. He was a popular and graphic writer on scientific subjects.

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stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. Collis Browne was un-
doubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; that the whole story
of the defendant Freeman was deliberately untrue, and
he regretted to say it had been sworn to—See the "Times,"
July 13, 1884.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE—The Right Hon. Earl Russell com-
municated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that
he had received information to the effect that the only remedy
of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet,"
Dec. 31, 1883.

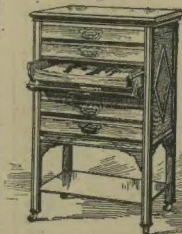
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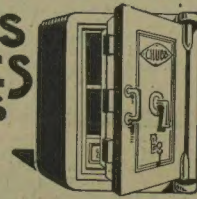
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